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THE FASTS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.

AMONG the many efficient and glorious incentives to devotion by which the Church keeps alive in the hearts of her children the perpetual remembrance of the great mysteries of Christianity, may be numbered the diversity of her fasts and festivals, the beauty of their adaptation to the feelings of religion, and the events of sacred history, of which their annual recurrence revives and perpetuates the memory. Every anniversary as it successively returns, is honored by a celebration peculiar to itself,—the ritual of the service, the various ceremonials employed, the very color of the sacerdotal vestments, contributing to mark in a particular manner the solemnity of the day. How different in this respect is the practice among the various sects of Protestantism. Even in the Church of England, which still retains a shadow of the Catholic ritual, the tedious formularies fall on the ear with unvarying and undeviating monotony, and seem all cast in the same mould of utter sameness, whatever be the event commemorated—the Birth of Christ, the Crucifixion, or the Resurrection. The fasts and feasts of the Catholic Church are either exercises of religious austerity, or vivid memorials of the mighty events of other days; while in Protestant formula, for either fast or festival, “*Nominis Umbra*” is the only distinctive appellation.

While taking a retrospective view of the ecclesiastical year, now drawing to a close, it may not be uninteresting or unentertaining to review the various festivals of the Catholic Church, and contrast the solemnity with which they are celebrated, with the cold indifference of Protestantism.

The four weeks immediately preceding the great anniversary of the Birth of Christ, called Advent, in anticipation of the coming of our Redeemer, are set apart by the Church as a time of prayer and penance; while Protestantism hardly takes cognizance of such a season. Christmas arrives; and the eve of that great festival having been devoted to fasting and devotion, the Church commences its celebration at the early hour which was hallowed by the birth of her divine founder. Perhaps of all her services there is none more beautiful than the midnight mass, to which we are called as to the stable of Bethlehem. How the dread loneliness of the hour contrasts with the joyous canticles of praise, the lighted church, the illuminated and decorated altar, the peal of the bells, the swelling tones of the organ. And when, after the interval of a by-gone year, the exquisite sound of the “*Adeste Fideles*” first bursts upon the ear in the course of

that nocturnal solemnity, the very soul vibrates with holy transports. For her hymns and anthems, the Church has appropriate and exclusive seasons. Thus the rapturous song of the Angels above-referred to, is only heard during the fortnight that includes the festivals of Christmas day, the Circumcision and the Epiphany—riveting the ear in a peculiar manner to its sweet and soothing concords.

On New Year's Day, the Church commemorates in a solemn manner the circumcision of our Lord, that mystical rite of the old law, typical of baptism in the new; and on the Twelfth Day she dedicates her services to the celebration of what has always appeared to us one of the most striking and beautiful episodes in the history of our Divine Saviour's life. Can there, indeed, be conceived a passage in sacred history more adapted at once for the indulgence of pious meditation and the triumph of the artist, than the midnight visit of the Eastern Kings to the cradle of the infant Saviour! What a beautiful contrast between the hoary visages of the adoring Magi, and the youthful and angelic countenance of the Virgin Mother; between the gloom of the humble manger, and the heavenly radiance of the Divine Infant! between the splendid offerings of gold and oriental perfumes, and the lowliness of the shrine in which the Saviour of the world deigns to receive the first homage of mankind! The feast of the Epiphany concludes the joyous season that blends the parting with the coming year. But while the Catholic Church labors so zealously to awaken in the hearts of her children sentiments in harmony with so great an occasion, our Protestant fellow citizens pass by the day unheeded; nothing occurs in their churches to distinguish it from any of the six days given to man for labor.

On the 2d of February the Church honors the Purification of the Virgin Mother by a procession with lighted tapers, which are blessed on that day. This ancient and pious ceremony of blessing candles on this day for the use of the Church and the faithful, is mentioned in the writings of Pope Gelasius the First and St. Cyril of Alexandria, and has given to it the name of Candlemas Day; but the beautiful and interesting ceremony, notwithstanding its antiquity, has been discarded by the cold ritual of Protestantism.

The next festival, in point of chronological order, and invariably occurring during the season of lent, is the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin;—a day upon which, laying aside for a brief interval her penitential robes, the Church assumes her gayest apparel and richest ornaments, and intones her canticles of jubilation, to celebrate that mysterious visit of the angelic messenger to the meek and humble Virgin of Judea, which heralded forth to a benighted world the joyful advent of a Redeemer! To the Protestant mind, the return of this holy festival, to which the good old Catholic name of Lady Day still adheres, brings nothing of religious solemnity; nothing that recalls events so closely allied with man's redemption.

How appropriately does Ash Wednesday commence a season of penance and humiliation! During the holy sacrifice of Mass on this day, or before it commences, the priest taking the ashes of palm, which he had previously blessed, signs with it the foreheads of the faithful, delivering at the same time this touching admonition: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou must return." Can any thought be conceived more adapted to predispose the mind to seriousness and reflection, than that which the Church has selected for the opening of this season of austerity and prayer? Indeed the whole regulation of Lent has in it something that rises above human nature; something that points to it as an ordinance of divine institution. The gratification of his appetite was man's

first sin. Sensual indulgence has ever been the great bane of the world, and is to the present day the chief cause of the innumerable sins, which daily cry to heaven for vengeance. What then could exceed the wisdom of the Church in proposing a regulation, which imposed a salutary restraint upon the passions of the human heart; and which annually reminds man, that if he would gain the happy abode for which he was created, he can only attain its sacred precincts by passing the ordeal of prayer and penance; by the mortification of those sensual gratifications which have been to him the source of so many transgressions.

On Palm Sunday the blessing of the palms which the faithful hold in their hands during the chanting of the Gospel, strikingly recalls to devout minds the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. The services of the Church during Holy Week have an almost dramatic reference to the great events of our Redeemer's passion; and it is impossible for a person attentively to follow their course without feelings of the most profound edification. The office of Tenebræ, which is performed on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, carry in their very structure and the quaintness of their ceremonial, the impress of remote antiquity. Six lights on the altar, and fifteen in the triangular candlestick, burning at the commencement of the service, which consists of Psalms, interspersed with the Lamentations of Jeremiah and lessons from the writings of ancient Fathers, betoken the light of faith preached by the prophets and Jesus Christ. As the service proceeds, the candles are successively extinguished, to remind us that the Jews were totally deprived of faith when they put our Saviour to death. The fifteenth candle, which occupies the top of the triangular candlestick, is finally removed, and hidden under the altar during the singing of the "*Miserere*," at the end of which it is produced, still burning, to signify, that though the humanity of Christ lay for a brief period dormant in the sepulchre, that his divinity was not for a moment eclipsed by the temporary obscuration of a mere mortal death. The total darkness and noise made at the end of the office of Tenebræ, naturally indicate the gloom and convulsion of nature which marked the hour when the Messiah breathed his last—when the earth trembled and the rocks were riven, the graves opened and the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom!

On Maundy Thursday, the Mass commences with all the festive accompaniments of white vestments, music and lights, incense and ringing of bells, in honor of the institution of the ever adorable sacrament of the Holy Eucharist; and a host, by immemorial custom, consecrated for the purpose of being used at the service of the ensuing day, is borne in procession to a subsidiary altar, prepared and decorated for the occasion, where it remains exposed to the adoration of the faithful.

On Good Friday, the prostrate clergy before the bare and unadorned altar, the chanting of the long Gospel of the Passion, the ancient and beautiful prayers, and the ceremony of the adoration of the Cross, are all accessories of the most striking and solemn import, intended to commemorate the at once mournful and glorious mystery of human redemption. Who that joins in the all-appropriate formularies of the Church on that great day, but feels the exquisite pathos of that time-honored hymn:

"*Crux, fideles inter omnes!*

Arbor una nobilis:

Nulla silva talem profert

Funde, flore, germine:

Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,

Dulce pondus sustinet."

which the poet Dryden has thus rendered into English :

"O faithful Cross! O noblest tree!
In all our woods there's none like thee:
No earthly groves, no shady bowers,
Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flow'rs.
Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
That bears a weight so sweet and good."

The morning services of Holy Saturday, performed by the primitive Church at the hour of midnight, abound in mystical and imposing ceremonies. A triple candle is lighted from fire previously blessed, signifying that our faith in the Holy Trinity proceeds from the light communicated by our Divine Lord risen from the dead. The paschal candle, which is lighted on this day, is a figure of the body of Jesus Christ, and the five grains of incense fixed in it, represents the aromatic spices that embalmed his body in the sepulchre. At the Mass which concludes the morning service and the religious observances of Holy Week, the ringing of the bells and the joyous burst of the organ proclaim, in a manner that appeals to every heart, the glorious tidings of the Saviour's resurrection.

On Easter Sunday the Church puts forth all her splendor in honor of the grandest festival of Christianity, and exulting alleluias welcome to the sacramental rail the fervent throng of her penitent children, who from the tribunal of penance, as from the grave of sin, have risen with Christ to a new life of grace and good works. But how is Holy Week celebrated by Protestants? Scarcely a single ceremony exists among the multiplicity of sects into which they are divided, to distinguish the week from any other in the year. The sacred events which it commemorates are passed by unhonored and unnoticed, and with as much indifference as if they appertained not to the sacred institution of Christianity.

The next great festival of the Church is Ascension Day—mentioned indeed in some of the Protestant Calendars, but unconsecrated by any particular observance. The paschal candle, which has been lighted at every high Mass since Holy Saturday, is extinguished on this day. Its disappearance is emblematical of the great event of our Redeemer's final ascent into heaven after his forty days sojourn on earth from the day of his resurrection.

On Whit Sunday the solemn services of the Church are dedicated to glorify in a particular manner the third person of the Most Holy Trinity. The vestments of the priests are crimson, and the beautiful hymns *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, vividly impresses on the minds of the faithful the memory of the wonderful miracle of the fiery tongues, which transformed the weak and timid disciples into ardent and inspired Apostles. Ten days later and exactly three weeks after the Ascension, occurs the festival of Corpus Christi, expressly instituted to honor the sacred and ineffable mystery of the real and corporal presence of Jesus in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist. In all Catholic countries this great festival is solemnized by a gorgeous procession in the open streets, affording to the entire population the opportunity of doing homage to the Saviour of mankind, and of vindicating the majesty and performing an act of open reparation to the holy Sacrament for the indignities offered to it by infidels and unbelievers, and even by bad Catholics.

The fifteenth of August is set apart to honor the Mother of God, in her Assumption into heaven. It is a pious belief handed down from the earliest ages, that the soul of the holy Virgin after her death was reunited to her body, and that that pure

and holy body which had so long been the tabernacle of the Son of God, was not permitted to fall into decay, and that with her soul it was assumed into heaven.

The great solemnities of the ecclesiastical year may be said to conclude with All Saints,—a day upon which the Church invites us to honor the glorified army of martyrs, prophets and confessors, and all the holy persons who have preceded us to the realms of immortality after gloriously withstanding the temptations that beset their pathway through life; and reminding us of the beautiful dogma of the communion of the faithful with the blessed inhabitants of heaven, the Church invites us on this day to ask them to join their powerful intercession with ours and to obtain from God, for us their still struggling brethren on earth, such graces as may enable us to reach the unfading joys of heaven.

How interesting the contrast between the joyous festival of All Saints, and the touching solemnities of *All Souls*, which immediately succeeds it—when the prayers of the Universal Church are poured forth in behalf of the suffering souls of the faithful departed! On All Saints, faith glorifies the chosen children of heaven, and hope points to their bright abode as destined one day to be ours! On All Souls, the Church vindicates the claim of charity to be the greatest of all virtues, by earnestly calling on the faithful to unite their prayers in behalf of their departed friends, who may still be lingering in the prison from which no one is released until he has paid the last farthing! On this day is rehearsed that time-honored, and universally admired hymn, which touches the soul of every hearer, the “*Dies Iræ*.”

How consoling to the Catholic is the practice of the Church in all that relates to her annual festivals! and how strangely does it contrast with the cold and rigid spirit of Protestantism! What indeed can Protestantism have to do with the feast of “*Corpus Christi*,” after reducing the holy sacrament of Christ’s body and blood to a commemorial participation of bread and wine? Or with the Assumption of the holy Virgin, after denouncing as idolatrous the veneration which Catholics pay to the Mother of God?—or with All Saints, after utterly rejecting the belief in their ability to hear our petitions?—or with All Souls, after a cold and heartless condemnation of the consoling doctrine which teaches us that the prayers of the living are available for the souls of the departed?

We might, if our limits permitted, extend the catalogue of Catholic festivals; we might expatiate on the Patron Saints of the various countries of Christendom, and of the trades and confraternities under the fostering care of the Church;—the feasts of Rogation and Ember Days, and the vigils of the principal festivals—the beautiful devotion of the month of May, which is consecrated in a particular manner to the honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God;—the daily Angelus, and the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which is practised in Catholic countries. We believe, however, that we have said sufficient to direct attention to the contrast that exists between Catholic and Protestant solemnities.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XIV.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

(From the *Precis Historiques.*)

Among the religious communities which have extended most rapidly in our day and do the greatest good in the Church, the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame figures in the most honorable manner.

The object of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame is to labor principally for the instruction of poor children under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese and in concert with the parish priest. These Sisters are especially intended to prepare children for confirmation as well as first communion; to form them to morality, virtue, and the duties of their state. If their foundress permits boarding schools and pay schools, it is only as a means of attaining the principal end, which is the education of poor children. The Sisters of Notre Dame are every where faithful to these engagements and to this object of their institute. Every community has its beloved class, that of the poor.

Let us go back to the origin of this work of God. We shall see the hand of Providence displayed at every step, sometimes even in a striking way, and apparently surpassing the power of nature.

The Congregation of Sisters of Our Lady arose at the end of the last century. It acknowledges as its foundress Julia Billiard.

Julia was born at Cervilly, near Compiègne, in 1751, of parents unfavored by the gift of fortune; but from her tenderest years she seemed to be a child of benediction, on whom the Almighty had especial views of grace and glory.

Her sweetest recreation was to retire to a corner to pray. Already God delighted to guide this young child by the brightest lights. At the age of seven or eight, she would gather little children around her to teach them the catechism, which she knew by heart, and in the explanation of which she displayed remarkable intelligence. Teaching the truths of religion to the ignorant was the favorite work of her whole life. The worthy priest of the parish, Mr. Dangicourt, distinguished among the rest this young plant which gave so much hope, and he delighted to give her his particular care. As soon as she was nine years old, he thought that he could no longer defer little Julia's first communion. This estimable priest directed her, then, and also as long as it was possible, in all the good works which she undertook, and was her consoler in all the terrible trials which she had to undergo.

Julia had grown up. God who preserved her soul from the contagion of vice, wished also to adorn it with heroic virtues. She fell sick. The complication of her maladies defied all remedies and left her at the age of about thirty, paralyzed in both legs. She constantly suffered great pains in all her body, and a violent contraction of the nerves of the jaw even deprived her of the possibility of speaking in an intelligible manner. Mr. Dangicourt took her the Holy Eucharist every day, and the pious invalid passed the day in a close union with her Creator. God alone knew all the secret of this communing. She spent twenty-two years on a bed of suffering without being able to take a step. Worthy ladies, brought by the worthy priest, sometimes came to seek from Julia examples of patience and resignation and offer her the testimony of their sympathy.

But the poor sufferer was soon deprived of all these consolations. The priest and the noble ladies were ere long compelled to fly before the bloody French revolution. She was bereft of the sacraments and of communion. God also seemed to withdraw, as if to let his handmaid bear alone the whole weight of her trials and miseries; but soon touched with her humility and faith, he consoled her himself anew.

The reputation of *devotee* given to Julia, laid her under the suspicion of the revolutionists. They sought her to heap vile insults on her; but she passed through the mob unperceived, hidden in the bottom of a wagon.

This was in 1794. One of those ladies who had known Julia had taken refuge in Amiens. She wrote to the pious virgin to persuade her to come and reside in a little section of the Hotel Blin, where she had taken up her residence. There heaven awaited her to accomplish its eternal designs.

Mary Louisa Frances, Viscountess Blin de Bourbon, was born on the 8th of March, 1756, in the chateau of Gézancourt, in the department of the Somme. Her father was Peter Louis de Blin, lord of Bourdon; her mother Mary Louisa Claudine, daughter of the baron of Fouquesolles, lord of Gézancourt and Viscount of Doulens. Mlle. Frances Blin, whom God destined for works of zeal, had also just passed through days of terror: she had just been released from prison, where she had been detained with her noble family. Already marked out for the guillotine, she was restored to liberty by the fall of Robespierre. Disabused as to the advantages which nature had lavished on her, and with those which fortune, in spite of great losses, had still left her, she wished to devote herself solely to prayer and good works.

As soon Julia Billiart had been conducted to the Hotel Blin, Mademoiselle de Gézancourt became her assiduous nurse. Although she could but little charm in the company of an invalid whose very language she could not understand, she nevertheless formed with her that holy friendship which goes beyond the tomb.

Some time after the Almighty sent Julia the consolations for which her soul most ardently longed. An excellent priest, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who afterwards entered the Society of Fathers of the Faith, and finally the Society of Jesus on its restoration, also came to reside with M. Blin. He said Mass in secret in the invalid's chamber, communicated her daily, presided at the religious exercises of several young ladies of rank who assembled around Julia's bed and styled her their mother. But Mr. Thomas was again pursued by the infidels, and had like to have fallen into their hands. It was accordingly determined to put him out of the reach of domiciliary visits. He took refuge at Béthancourt, in a chateau belonging to two of the ladies who composed the circle at the Hotel Blin. Mother Julia was also transferred to this place, and Mademoiselle de Bourdon followed them. Mr. Thomas devoted himself to the instruction of the people whom the miseries of the times had left in profound ignorance. Mother Julia and her noble companion undertook to prepare persons of their sex for the reception of the sacraments. Henceforth they taught little girls catechism, reading, writing and knitting; but as yet without any thought of devoting their whole life to the instruction of the young. The character of the village was soon changed and God crowned these first labors with consoling success. Towards the close of February, 1803, the occupants of the chateau de Béthancourt returned to Amiens, and Mr. Thomas entered the Society of Fathers of the Faith.

To throw some light on the origin and first development of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame, it is necessary to trace the character of a man who after the ravages of the revolution acted the part of a popular reformer, and who con-

tributed to form and consolidate the rising congregation. This man was Father Varin.

Joseph Desideratus Varin was born at Besançon in 1769, of one of the most pious and worthy families of the country. In his youth he was excessively petulant and impetuous, passionately fond of the chase and of military life. Yet he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. Varin was terminating his second year of theology when the revolution compelled him to return home. He then entered a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Marshal de Broglie, father of the two young princes, Charles and Maurice, afterwards Bishop of Ghent, and he served with distinction in the campaigns of 1792 and 1793. After these bloody scenes, Varin visited his family in Switzerland, and then joined the Society of the Sacred Heart, which in 1799 united with that of the Fathers of the Faith.*

Father Varin, who was already acquainted with Mother Julia, persisted in believing against all human appearance, that she was destined to labor for the glory of God on a large scale. But when he imparted his views to the humble sufferer, she simply replied: "Father, how can it be done?" The humble mother had indeed within a short time recovered the use of speech, but her paralysis was still entire, and her sufferings were often very acute and almost universal.

Yet she soon began to receive into the house where she had retired with Mlle. Blin, young women of upright mind and good will, who wished to devote themselves to the education of poor girls. The first were: Catharine Duchâtel of Rheims, Victoria Leleu of Cheppy, in old Picardy; and Justina Garson. The first assemblage had been dispersed by many circumstances. The two ladies now devoted their labors to form them to the knowledge proper for their vocation and especially for the solid virtues of the religious life. Heaven, which had chosen Julia for its work, visibly blessed her efforts.

In 1804 Father Varin gave them a little rule to serve as an essay, and on the second of February, the first members of this Society, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, devoted themselves to the instruction of youth. They also consecrated themselves to the Heart of Jesus under the protection of the Heart of Mary. Mother Julia's act of consecration in her own hand-writing is still preserved. It contains a vow to extend devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

In the course of this year 1804, the Fathers of the Faith gave a mission at Amiens. Julia's companions followed the holy exercises. She herself was several times carried there in a chair by porters. The missionaries sent to the rising community the women and girls whose ignorance incapacitated them for the reception of the sacraments, in order to instruct them.

One of these apostolic laborers, Father Enfantin, came one day to tell Mother Julia that he was making a novena to the Sacred Heart for a person in whom he took a deep interest; he begged her to join him, which she did with all the fervor of her soul without asking any further information. On the 8th of June, the feast of the Sacred Heart, which was the fifth of the novena, Father Enfantin returned. Julia had been carried to the garden and was at that moment alone there:—"Mother," said the missionary as he approached her, "if you have faith, take one step in honor of the Sacred Heart." Julia arose and took a step, the first in twenty-three years.—"Make another," said the Father; she obeyed.—"One

* These were societies formed after the suppression of the Society of Jesus by exemplary or pious persons who wished to follow the rule of St. Ignatius. See Guidée's Life.

more"—and the effect followed the command. "It is well," he continued, "now sit down." And Julia simple as a child sat down, saying that it seemed to her she could do more. It was only four days after that the community was informed of this cure.

Julia immediately began another career, which our Lord had traced for her. By a retreat of ten days she entered this new phase of a life already so full of merits. After this time of serious reflection, she and Mademoiselle Leleu set out with the missionaries, who were going to attempt at Abbeville and Saint Valéry-sur-Somme the good that they had effected at Amiens.

At the close of these two months of labor, she returned to her religious family which was directed by Mother Blin in the absence of Mother Julia, and as they had both but one heart and one soul, all worked harmoniously.

On the 15th of October, 1805, the two mothers, with two of the first companions, Victoria Leleu, under the name of Sister Anastasia, and Justine Garson, under the name of Sister Catharine, bound themselves by vow to the work which heaven had led them to undertake. Catharine Duchâtel, who had been sick when she entered, returned to the Oratory out of which she had come to enter the Sisters of Notre Dame. She did not live long.

The sisters had soon to seek a new spot capable of containing the rising community, which increased daily, and the classes which were to be regularly opened. They took up their residence in the Noyon suburb, renting a house contiguous to the seminary. One of the first boarding scholars, Mademoiselle Bicheron, a young orphan, known in religion under the name of Sister Bernardine, went out one day with a bell in her hand to go through the district. Without any difficulty she gathered a crowd of little girls around her, to whom she said with admirable candor: "You are informed that the Sisters of Notre Dame have just opened a free school for little girls. Go, tell this to your parents." The next day from sixty to seventy poor children had answered that call, and the pious mistresses lavished on them the treasures of charity that filled their soul.

BENEDICTINE POPES.—Out of the two hundred and fifty-nine successors of St. Peter who have held the Papal Chair, it is remarkable that no less than forty-nine have been members of the Order of St. Benedict. The first of the sons of St. Benedict elevated to the Holy See was Benedict I, in A. D. 573, and among the number we find the illustrious names of Gregory the Great, Callixtus II, St. Peter Celestine, Innocent II and IV, Leo III, and Gregory VII. No less than twenty-three Popes of the Benedictine Order have been canonized, besides fourteen who have been beatified. In the present century, also, the Benedictines have supplied the Holy See with two Popes, Pius VII, who was exiled by Napoleon, and Gregory XVI, better known to the world as Cardinal Capellari. It is not a little singular that out of the 1,800 years during which she has existed in the world, the Catholic Church has been no less than 337 years under the rule of Benedictine Pontiffs.

THE ENGLISH COLLEGES AT DOUAY AND ROME.

To perpetuate the succession of the Catholic clergy, at a time when a total extinction of the ancient faith was apprehended in English, the Rev. William Allen, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Mechlin, formed the project of establishing colleges for the education of young men on the continent. Having drawn together many learned men, who had been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, he laid the foundation of a college or seminary at Douay, in Flanders.

Mr. Morgan Philips, who had been Provost of Oriel, and formerly Mr. Allen's master, purchased a convenient building for that purpose. Contributions were made towards the praiseworthy object by the learned and zealous founder, and several other Catholic clergymen—besides, some further aid was obtained from England. The Benedictin Abbeys in the neighborhood of Douay, together with the University and other communities of Douay, contributed liberally towards the new college, and collections were taken up in the neighboring towns.

In the year 1568, the college at Douay was opened for the reception of pupils, and in a few years the number of its inmates amounted to one hundred and fifty. The undertaking was applauded by the Holy See, and Pope Pius V wrote an encouraging letter to its founder. Gregory XIII, the successor of Pius, being informed of the state of the college, and having received a strong letter of recommendation of the college from the Catholic nobility of England, as well as the University of Douay, and several religious communities, settled upon it in the year 1575 an annual pension of 1200 Roman crowns, and soon afterwards raised the donation to 2,000 crowns. This sum was regularly paid, and was almost the only certain revenue of the college.

Douay College was not only the first of the English nation, but it is believed to have been the first in the Christian world instituted in strict conformity with the decrees of the Council of Trent. In the short space of ten years after its foundation, the new institution had sent no less than fifty-two priests to labor in the English mission. About this time, 1578, the disturbed condition of the Low Countries obliged the college at Douay, then under the dominion of Spain, to be removed to Rheims, in France.

Two or three persons, however, remained, and kept possession of the house until 1593, when the Professors, through the urgent solicitation of the magistrates of Douay, again removed the college back to that city. During their stay at Rheims, their numbers had vastly increased. Twelve more priests were sent out the year after their removal to that place, and these were followed in 1579 by twenty-one more. And shortly after their establishment at Rheims, there were two hundred persons belonging to the institution. In 1593 the college was again re-established at Douay, and continued for two centuries to supply priests for the English mission.

Douay College produced a large number of distinguished individuals. Among these were Cardinal Allen, two archbishops, thirty-one bishops, three archpriests, over one hundred distinguished theologians, one hundred and sixty-nine writers, many eminent men of religious orders, and one hundred and sixty glorious martyrs, besides innumerable others, who either died in prison, or suffered confinement or banishment for the faith. Many of the English nobility and gentry were educated at Douay College.

But the time was approaching when this venerable institution was to be swept

from existence. In the month of October, 1793, the college was seized and suppressed by the French, and its inmates conveyed as prisoners to the citadel of Dourlens, where they remained until November, 1794, when they were permitted to retire to England, where they arrived on the 2d of March of the following year. The professors and students of Douay shortly after their arrival in England, became the founders of the colleges of Old Hall, Ushaw, and Oscott, which were successively established shortly after the dissolution of Douay College.

The English college at Rome, like that at Douay, presents to the Catholic reader many features of interest. It owes its origin to the piety and zeal of those venerable men who had made the name of Douay memorable in Catholic history.

Pope Gregory XIII, whose attention had long been turned to the distressed state of religion in England, conceived the idea of establishing a college in Rome for the special benefit of the English nation. He consulted Dr. Allen, Dr. Lewis, afterwards bishop of Cambray; Dr. Goldwell, bishop of St. Asaph's, and others of the English clergy, who earnestly approved the project. The Pope accordingly converted the Hospital of St. Thomas into a college, for the education of secular priests for the English mission. Dr. Clenock, a secular priest, and bishop elect of Bangor in the reign of Queen Mary, was appointed by his Holiness the first rector of the newly established college. This was in 1578, ten years after the foundation of the Douay College, and in the following year the Pope issued the Bull for its foundation, for fifty students, giving them the hospital and two contiguous houses, the Church of the Blessed Trinity, and an annual pension of 6,000 crowns, with all the property of the hospital.

The first students of the Roman College were sent from the college at Rheims. Dr. Clenock presided over the institution about a year, when he was succeeded by Father Agarrazio, an Italian Jesuit, and, not long after, the sole government of the college fell into the hands of the English Jesuits, under whom it continued until the suppression of the order by Pope Clement XIV, in 1773. The college was then administered by M. Foggini, and other Italian clergymen. Repeated memorials and petitions were presented from England for the restoration of the college to the English secular clergy. These, however, were unsuccessful, and the college was rendered almost useless to the English mission. In 1798, the college was seized by the French, under Bertier, and remained closed for twenty years. At length, in 1817, on the death of Cardinal Braschi, who had taken possession of the college and its revenues after the expulsion of the French, the Rev. Dr. Macpherson, rector of the Scotch College, and the Rev. Dr. Lingard, the distinguished historian, who was then in Rome, waited on the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi, and explained to him the original object of the establishment, its failure under Italian superiors, and the increasing wants of the English mission. The result was that the Cardinal procured the re-establishment of the college by Pius VII. The Rev. Dr. Gradwell, afterwards bishop of Lydda, and coadjutor in the London District, was appointed president on the 8th of March, 1818. Shortly after this a colony of ten students arrived from England, and the revived college soon began to flourish. In 1828, Dr. Gradwell being appointed coadjutor to Dr. Bramston, was succeeded in the government of the college by Dr. Wiseman, the present illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Like its sister institution at Douay, the English at Rome has been fruitful in distinguished names, and has given to the church upwards of forty illustrious martyrs, who suffered in the English mission, and still continues to supply the church with numerous learned and zealous priests.

THE STORY OF LIN-IN.

A CHINESE TALE.

Continued from page 543.

When the repast was ended, Tchin drew out a package of twenty tæls, and looking towards Lin-in, said, "During the time my dear son-in-law has been with me, it is possible he may have suffered many things against my wish, and unknown to me; here is a little present I wish to make him, until I can give him more substantial proofs of my affection. I will not hear of a refusal."

"What!" replied Lin-in, "at a time when I am contracting an alliance so honorable to me, and when I ought, according to custom, to make marriage presents for my son, presents which I am prevented from doing at this moment, only because I am travelling, do you load me with gifts? I cannot accept them; the thought covers me with confusion."

"Well!" replied Tchin, "I am not dreaming of offering *you* such a trifle. It is for my son-in-law, not the father-in-law of my daughter, that I intend this present. Indeed, if you persist in the refusal, I shall consider it as a sign that the alliance is not agreeable to you."

Lin-in saw that he must yield, and that resistance would be useless. He humbly accepted the present, and making his son rise from table, ordered him to make a profound reverence to Tchin. "What I have given you," said Tchin, raising him up, "is but a trifle, and deserves no thanks." Hi-eul then went into the house to pay his respects to his mother-in-law. The whole day passed in feasting and diversions; it was only at night that they separated.

When Lin-in retired to his chamber, he gave himself up entirely to the reflections to which these events gave rise. "It must be confessed," cried he, "that by restoring the two hundred tæls, I have done an action pleasing to Heaven, and now I am rewarded by the happiness of finding my child, and contracting so honorable an alliance. This is, indeed, joy upon joy; it is like putting gold flowers upon a beautiful piece of silk. How can I be sufficiently grateful for so many favors? Here are the twenty tæls that my friend Tchin has given me; can I do better than employ them towards the maintenance of some virtuous bonzes? It will be sowing them in a soil of blessings."

The next day, after breakfast, the father and son got ready their luggage, and took leave of their host; they proceeded to the quay, hired a boat, and commenced their journey. They had scarcely gone half a league, ere they came in sight of a scene of terrible excitement; the river was full of struggling people, whose cries rent the air. A bark, full of passengers, had just sunk, and the cries of the unfortunate creatures for help were heart-rending! The people on the shore called loudly to several small boats which were near to come to the rescue. But the hard-hearted and selfish boatmen demanded that a good sum should be guaranteed them, before they would bestir themselves. At this critical moment Lin-in's boat came up. The moment he perceived what was going on, he said to himself: "It is a much more meritorious action to save the life of a man, than to adorn the temples and support bonzes. Let us consecrate the twenty tæls to this good work; let us succor these poor drowning souls." He instantly proclaimed that he would give the twenty tæls amongst those who would take the drowning men into their boats.

At this offer all the boatmen crowded towards the scene of the disaster, and the river was, in a moment, covered with their boats; at the same time, some of the spectators on shore, who knew how to swim, threw themselves into the water, and, in a few moments, all were saved, without exception. Lin-in then distributed amongst the boatmen the promised reward.

The poor creatures, snatched from a watery grave, came in a body to return thanks to their preserver. One amongst them, having looked attentively at Lin-in, suddenly cried out, "What! is that you, my eldest brother? By what good luck do I find you here?"

Lin-in, turning towards him, recognized his youngest brother, Lin-tchin. Then, transported with joy, he exclaimed, clasping his hands, "O wonderful circumstance! Heaven has led me hither to save my brother's life." He instantly reached out his hand to him, and made him come into his boat, helped him off with his wet clothes, and gave him others.

As soon as Lin-tchin had sufficiently recovered, he paid the respects due to an elder brother which good breeding demands from a younger, and Lin-in having acknowledged his politeness, called Hi-eul, who was in the cabin, to come and salute his uncle; he then recounted all his adventures, which threw Lin-tchin into a state of amazement, from which he was a long time in recovering. "But tell me," said Lin-in, at length, "your motive in coming to this country."

"It is not possible," replied Lin-tchin, "to tell you in a few words the reason of my travels. In the course of the three years which have elapsed since your departure from home, the melancholy news of your death from illness reached us. My second brother made every inquiry, and assured himself that the report was true. It was a thunderbolt for my sister-in-law; she was inconsolable, and put on the deepest mourning. For my part, I could not give credit to the report. After a few days had elapsed, my second brother tried all in his power to induce my sister-in-law to contract a fresh marriage. She, however, steadily rejected the proposal; at length she prevailed upon me to make a journey to Chan-si, to ascertain upon the spot what had become of you; and, when I least expected it, at the point of perishing in the water, the very person I was in search of, my well beloved brother, has saved my life. Is not this unexpected good fortune, a blessing from Heaven? But believe me, my brother, there is no time to be lost; make all possible haste to return home, and to put an end to my sister-in-law's grief. The least delay may cause an irreparable misfortune."

Lin-in, overwhelmed at this news, sent for the captain of the boat, and although it was late, ordered him to set sail, and continue the voyage during the night.

Whilst all these events were happening to Lin-in, Wang, his wife, was a prey to the most poignant grief. A thousand circumstances led her to suspect that her husband was not dead; but Lin-pao, who, by that reported death, became the head of the family, so positively assured her that it was true, that, at last, she had allowed herself to be persuaded into that belief, and had assumed the widow's weeds.

Lin-pao possessed a bad heart, and was capable of the most unworthy acts. "I have no doubt," said he, "of my elder brother's death. My sister-in-law is young and handsome; she has, besides, no one to support her; I must force her to marry again, and I shall make money by this means."

He thereupon communicated his plan to Yang, his wife, and ordered her to employ some clever match-maker. But Wang resolutely rejected the proposal;

she vowed that she would remain a widow, and honor the memory of her husband by her widowhood. Her brother-in-law, Lin-tchin, supported her in her resolution. Thus all the artifices which Lin-pao and his wife employed were useless; and, as every time they urged her on the subject it occurred to her that they had no positive proof of his death, "I am determined," said she, at length, "to know the truth; these reports are often false; it is only on the very spot that certain information can be obtained. True, the distance is nearly a hundred leagues. Still, I know that Lin-tchin is a good-hearted man; he will travel to the province of Chan-si to relieve my anxiety, and learn positively if I am so unfortunate as to have lost my husband; and, if I have, he will, at least, bring me his precious remains."

Lin-tchin was asked to undertake the journey, and, without a moment's hesitation, departed. His absence, however, only rendered Lin-pao more eager in the pursuit of his project. To crown the whole, he had gambled very deeply, and, having been a heavy loser, was at his wit's end to know where to obtain money. In this state of embarrassment, he met with a merchant of Kiang-si, who had just lost his wife, and was looking for another. Lin-pao seized upon the opportunity, and proposed his sister-in-law to him. The merchant accepted the offer, taking care, however, to make secret inquiries whether the lady who was proposed to him was young and good looking. As soon as he was satisfied on these points, he lost no time, and paid down thirty taëls to clinch the bargain.

Lin-pao having taken the money, said to the merchant, "I ought to warn you, that my sister-in-law is proud and haughty. She will raise many objections to leaving the house, and you will have a great deal of trouble to force her to do it. Now this will be your best plan for managing it. This evening, as soon as it gets dark, have a palanquin and good strong bearers in readiness; come with as little noise as possible, and present yourself at the door of the house. The young woman who will come to the door, attired in the head dress of mourners, is my sister-in-law; don't say a word to her, and don't listen to what she may say, but seize her at once, thrust her into your palanquin, carry her to your boat, and set sail at once." This plan met with the approbation of the merchant, and its execution appeared easy enough of accomplishment.

In the mean time, Lin-pao returned home, and, in order to prevent his sister-in-law from suspecting anything of the project he had planned, he assumed an air of the most perfect indifference, but as soon as she left the room, he communicated his plans to his wife, and, alluding to his sister-in-law, in a contemptuous manner, said, "That two-legged piece of goods must leave this house to-night. However, not to be a witness of her tears and sighs, I shall go out beforehand, and, as it gets dark, a merchant of Kiang-si will come, and take her away in a palanquin, to his boat."

He would have continued the conversation, when he heard the footsteps of some person outside the window, and went hurriedly away. In his haste he forgot to mention the circumstance of the mourning dress. It was doubtless an interposition of Providence that this circumstance was omitted. The lady Wang easily perceived that the noise she made outside the window had caused Lin-pao to break off the conversation suddenly. The tone of his voice plainly showed that he had something more to say; but she had heard enough; for having remarked by his manner that he had some secret to tell his wife when he entered the house, she had pretended to go away, but listening at the window, had heard these words distinctly, "They will take her away and put her into a palanquin."

These words strongly fortified her suspicions. Her resolution was taken at once. She entered the room, and approaching Yang, gave utterance to her anxiety. "My sister-in-law," said she, "you behold an unfortunate widow, who is bound to you by the strongest ties of a friendship which has been always sincere. By this long-standing friendship I conjure you to tell me candidly whether my brother-in-law still persists in his design of forcing me into a marriage that would cover me with disgrace."

At these words Yang at first appeared confused, and changed color; then, assuming a more confident expression, "What are you thinking of?" she asked, "and what fancies have you got into your head? If there were any intention of making you marry again, do you think there would be any difficulty? What is the good of throwing oneself into the water before the ship is really going to pieces?"

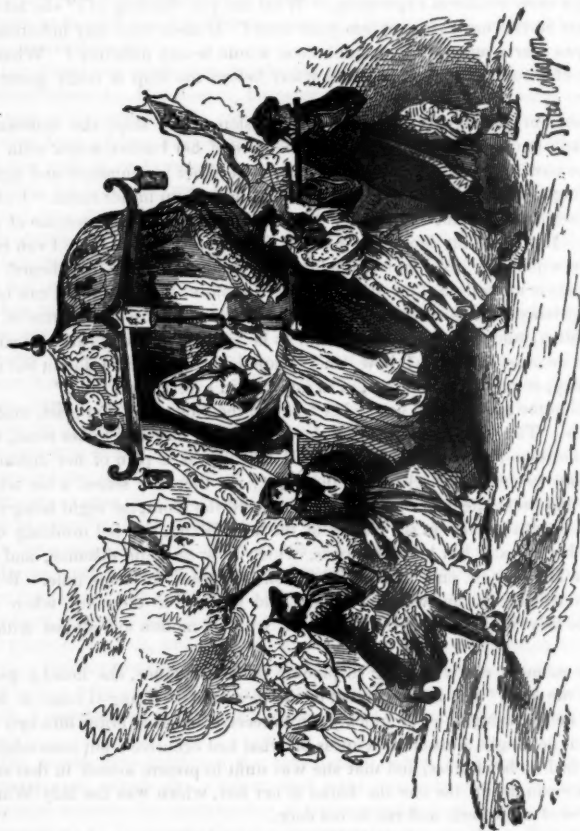
The moment the lady Wang heard this allusion to the ship, she understood more clearly the meaning of the secret conference of her brother-in-law with his wife. She now suspected the worst, and gave vent to her lamentations and sighs; and yielding to the current of her grief, she shut herself up in her room. "Unfortunate wretch that I am," cried she, "I do not know what has become of my husband. Lin-tchin, my brother-in-law and friend, upon whom alone I can rely, is gone on a journey. My father, mother, and relations live far from hence. If this business is hurried on, how shall I be able to inform them of it? I can hope for no assistance from our neighbors. Lin-pao has made himself the terror of the whole district, and everybody knows him to be capable of the greatest villainy. Miserable creature that I am! how can I escape his snares? If I do not fall into them to-day, it may be to-morrow, or at any rate in a very short time."

She fell to the ground half dead; her fall, and the violence of her grief, made a great noise. The lady Yang, hearing the disturbance, hastened to her room, and finding the door firmly fastened, concluded that it was a plan of her distracted sister-in-law to evade the scheme of the night; she therefore seized a bar which stood by and broke the door open. As she entered the room, the night being very dark, she caught her feet in the clothes of the lady Wang, and fell tumbling over her. In her fall she lost her head-dress, which flew to some distance, and the fright and fall brought on a faint, in which she remained for some time. When she recovered she got up, went for a light, and returned to the room, where she found the lady Wang stretched on the floor, without motion and almost without breath.

At the moment she was going to procure other assistance, she heard a gentle knock at the door. She knew it must be the merchant of Kiang-i come to fetch the wife he had bought. She quickly ran to receive him and bring him into the room, that he might himself be witness of what had occurred; but remembering that she had no head-dress, and that she was unfit to present herself in that state, she hastily caught up the one she found at her feet, which was the lady Wang's head-dress of mourning, and ran to the door.

It was, indeed, the merchant of Kiang-si, who had come to fetch away his promised bride. He had a bridal palanquin, ornamented with silk flags, festoons, flowers, and several gay lanterns; it was surrounded by servants bearing lighted torches, and by a troop of flute and hautboy-players. The whole cortège was stationed in the street in perfect silence. The merchant, having knocked gently, and finding the door open, entered the house with some of those who bore torches to light him.

Upon the lady Yang's appearance, the merchant, who spied at a glance the mourning head-dress, which was the mark by which he was to distinguish his bride, flew upon her like a hungry kite upon a sparrow. His followers rushed in, carried off the lady, and shut her into the palanquin, which was all ready to receive her. It was in vain she endeavored to make herself heard, crying out, "You are mistaken; it is not me you want." The music struck up as she was forced into the palanquin, and drowned her voice, whilst the bearers flew rather than walked, and bore her to the boat.



THE LADY YANG CARRIED OFF IN THE PALANQUIN.

Whilst all this was taking place, the lady Wang had gradually revived and come to her senses. The great hubbub she heard at the door of the house renewed her fears, and occasioned her the most painful anxiety; but as she found that the noise of music, and the tumult of voices, which had arisen so suddenly died gradually away in the distance, she regained her courage, and after a few minutes summoned up strength to go and inquire what was the matter.

After calling her sister-in-law two or three times without effect, the truth began to dawn on her, and after considering the matter carefully, she could only come to the conclusion that the merchant had made a mistake, and had carried off the wrong lady. But now a fresh cause of uneasiness arose; she dreaded the consequences when Lin-pao should return and be informed of the mistake. She shut herself up in her room, and after picking up the head-pins, the ear-rings, and the head dress, which were lying on the floor, threw herself, quite worn out with fatigue and anxiety, on her couch, and endeavored to get a little sleep, but she was not able to close her eyes all night.

At daybreak she rose and bathed her face, and proceeded to complete her toilet. As, however, she was searching about for her mourning head-dress, some one began making a great noise at the room-door, knocking loudly and crying out, "Open the door instantly!" It was, in fact, Lin-pao himself. She recognized the voice at once. She made up her mind at once what to do; she let him go on knocking without answering him. He swore, stormed and bawled, till he was hoarse. At length the lady Wang went to the door, and standing behind it without opening it, asked, "Who is knocking there and making such a disturbance?" Lin-pao, who recognized the voice of his sister-in-law, began to shout still louder: but seeing that his storming had no effect, he had recourse to an expedient which proved successful. "Sister-in-law," said he, "I have brought you good news! Lin-tchin, my youngest brother, has come back, and our eldest brother is in excellent health; open the door at once!"

Overjoyed at this intelligence, the lady Wang ran to complete her toilet, and in her haste put on the black head-dress that her sister-in-law had left behind, and eagerly opened the door; but, alas! in vain she did look for her friend Lin-tchin; no one was there but Lin-pao. He entered her room hurriedly and looked round, but not seeing his wife, and perceiving a black head-dress on the head of his sister-in-law, his suspicions began to be excited in a strange manner.

"Well! where is your sister-in-law?" he asked roughly.

"You ought to know better than I," replied the lady Wang, "since you had the whole management of this admirable plot."

"But tell me," returned Lin-pao, "why don't you still wear a white head-dress? have you left off mourning?" The lady Wang forthwith proceeded to relate to him all that had happened during his absence.

Just at this moment he caught sight through the window of four or five persons hurrying towards his house. To his utter astonishment he perceived that they were his eldest brother Lin-in, his youngest brother Lin-tchin, his nephew Hi-eul, and two servants carrying their luggage. Lin-pao, thunderstruck at this sight, and not having impudence enough to face them, ran off by the back-door, and disappeared like a flash of lightning.

The lady Wang was transported with joy at her husband's return. But who shall describe her ecstasies of joy when her son was presented to her? She could scarcely recognize him, so tall and handsome had he grown. "Oh!" cried she, "by what good fortune did you recover our dear child, whom I thought we had lost for ever?"

Lin-in gave her in detail an account of his adventures; and the lady Wang related at length all the indignities she had endured at the hands of Lin-pao, and the extremities to which she had been reduced by his scandalous treatment.

Lin-in lavished on his wife encomiums which indeed her fidelity deserved; after, which, reflecting on the whole chain of events by which the present meeting had

been brought about, he seemed deeply moved, and remarked, "If a blind passion for wealth had caused me to keep the two hundred tæls I found by accident, how should I have ever met with our dear child? If avarice had prevented me from employing the twenty tæls in saving those drowning people, my dear brother would have perished in the waves, and I should never have seen him; if by an unlooked-for chance I had not met my kind-hearted brother, how should I have discovered the trouble and confusion that reigned in this house in time to prevent its disastrous consequences? But for all this, my beloved wife, we should never have seen each other again. I recognize the special interposition of Providence in bringing about all these things. As to my other brother, that unnatural brother, who has unconsciously sold his own wife, he has drawn upon himself his own terrible punishment. Heaven rewards men according to their deserts; let them not think to escape its judgments.

"Let us learn from this how profitable in the end, as well as good, it is to practise virtue; it is that alone which bestows lasting prosperity upon a house."

DEATH AND SLEEP.

From the German of Krummacher.

THE Angels of Death and Sleep wandered through the world in brotherly embrace. It was evening. They reclined on a hill not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy stillness prevailed, and the evening bell in the distant village grew mute. Still and silent as is their wont, sat the two beneficent Genii of mankind in sad embrace; and now the night approached.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his mossy couch and strewed with gentle hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent habitation of the weary mortals. Now sweet sleep embraces the inhabitants of the rural cottages, from the aged man who leans upon his staff, to the infant in the cradle. The sick man forgets his pain, the mourner his grief, and the poor man his care. All eyes are closed.

Now, after fulfilling his task, he laid himself again beside his serious brother: "When the morning breaks," cried he with gleeful innocence, "the world will praise me as its friend and benefactor. Oh! what joy to do good unseen, and silently. How fortunate are we invisible messengers of Heaven. How beautiful our silent vocation!"

Thus spoke the Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death regarded him with silent melancholy, and a tear such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Ah!" said he, "I cannot rejoice as thou. The world calls me its enemy and the disturber of its joys."

"O my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "shall not also the good on their awaking recognize in thee their friend and thankfully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one father?" Then brightened the eye of the Angel of Death, and the brotherly genii tenderly embraced. J.

THE CONVOY:

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

Translated from the French.

It was in the month of January, 1809. Spain, invaded by the French and defended by an English army, had become the bleeding theatre of a struggle that grew more and more rancorous every day. After beating the Spaniards everywhere, Marshal Soult had just attacked Sir John Moore and forced him to retire to Corunna. Several bodies of the army, commanded by the English general, had even been separated in this precipitate retreat, and the convoys, broken through by the incessant attacks of the French, had been dispersed all over the country in feeble detachments, which were now struggling to rejoin the main army.

One of these detachments, consisting of five wagons loaded with baggage and wounded men, was slowly toiling along an unknown road. It was under the command of an Irish sergeant named Peters.

Night was closing in: the sky was full of heavy black clouds announcing an approaching storm. The surrounding country had an arid and desolate look. No village was to be seen, no cultivation. Only, at great intervals, an abandoned house, from which the doors and windows had been torn off for bivouac fires, some horses that had dropped from fatigue, some dead bodies, and the innumerable wrecks always to be found in the track of a large army.

Examining the nature of these vestiges, Peters saw that it must have been the French army that had passed, and he began to entertain serious apprehensions of being able to come up with his own, commanded by Sir John Moore. His companions, most of them wounded, dragged themselves along with much difficulty, and impatience now increased their despair. As is usually the case in painful circumstances, each one sought somebody to vent his dissatisfaction on. Some blamed the general for not having taken the measures indispensable for such a retreat; others the Spaniards, who, instead of rendering effective assistance, had fled at the sight of their allies' disasters; all cursed the good luck of the enemy and promised themselves a speedy revenge.

It was in this state of mind that they came to a kind of cross-roads, where fires still smoking and some abandoned baggage gave token of a recent bivouac.

The narrow spot of land on which the French had encamped, was bordered on one side by a precipitous deep ravine, at the bottom of which a stream was flowing. The noise of the running water caught the attention of the wounded, who were tormented with thirst, and they wished to go down to drink. Peters ordered a halt, and prepared to help them down himself; but on approaching the edge of the steep bank he saw, lying in the bed of the stream, the dead body of a mule still harnessed to a broken wagon, and he thought he heard a human voice under the grey canvas cover of the vehicle. He slipped down the bank immediately into the stream, tore away the hoops that covered the wagon, and there perceived a woman, who earnestly asked his assistance in Spanish.

The sergeant understood a little of the language, and asked her how

she had got there. The poor woman replied that she had fallen asleep through fatigue, abandoning herself to the instinct of the mule; and that the animal, probably, approaching too near the edge of the ravine to browse, had been dragged down by the wagon. Awakened in the act of falling, she had become aware of the catastrophe without having the power to prevent it, and had remained a long time insensible from the shock. Coming to herself at last, all her efforts to extricate herself had been useless, and it was only the timely aid of the sergeant that had rescued her from certain death.

While listening to these explanations, Peters, assisted by his companions, had succeeded in freeing the aching limbs of the poor Spanish woman from the wreck, in which she had been much bruised and almost suffocated. But as soon as she could be better distinguished in the last light of the expiring day, her peculiar costume caused her to be recognised as a *Vivandière*—or female provision dealer—of the French army.

At this discovery, the friendly dispositions of Peters' companions suddenly changed into bitter animosity, and menacing expressions burst forth on all sides.

Introduced into Spain to defend it against the French, the English soldiers had naturally become accustomed to regard as the foulest traitor every Spaniard that sympathised with the invaders. They were more especially irritated against those women who, sacrificing their patriotism to personal affection, had followed the fortunes of the French, joining the army and undergoing all the vicissitudes of war. This was precisely the case with Dolorès, who had married a grenadier of the first division.

The little troop of fugitives loudly expressed their regret at having rescued the *Vivandière* from her dangerous position, and some were even becoming more violent, when the sergeant interposed.

"We've had enough of this language," he exclaimed, in sharp decisive tones, placing himself before Dolorès. "Do you make war on women? Is not this poor creature punished enough already? Forward, without any more delay. Every one has enough to do to think of himself if he wishes to escape from the enemy."

This advice was followed by the order to resume the march, and those who had shown themselves most hostile towards Dolorès, left her to take their places.

Peters saw them proceed to the head of the convoy, and when he had only the women and the soldiers of his own company around him, he turned towards the *Vivandière*, who was sitting helpless and dejected on a part of her broken wagon.

"What will become of you, down here in this ravine?" he asked, in a voice, the roughness of which could not conceal an accent of pity.

"God only knows," replied the Spanish woman.

"Do you feel strong enough to walk?"

"Perhaps so; but where could I venture alone and at this hour? The roads are covered with your people, and I have just seen what I may expect from them."

The sergeant appeared to hesitate a moment, then he spoke decisively.

"Come, get up, follow our convoy; as long as I have a gun on my shoulder, you shall meet no harm."

Dolorès thanked him warmly, made an effort, and began to walk in the last ranks behind the wagon.

At first she did not appear to be aware of the direction of the road

taken by the English—but, after a little time, she noticed it with surprise, and approached Peters.

"Does the sergeant know very well where he is going?"

"Certainly," he replied. "To the English camp."

"The English camp!" repeated the Vivandière in astonishment. "And I hope we shall get there before the battle," added the sergeant.

Dolorès seized his arm.

"But then — you're not aware" — she exclaimed. "The battle was fought on the 16th — fought and lost!"

"By Sir John Moore?"

"Who has been killed, and whose troops have fled to Corunna, to escape by the sea."

Peters became motionless from pain and surprise.

"On your life, woman!" he exclaimed, "Don't deceive me."

"On my life, and on my salvation, it is the truth!" she replied with such an air of sincerity that doubt became impossible. "Several detachments marching like yours towards the camp, have already fallen in among the French army. If you continue this route, in a few hours you will be all prisoners."

She added other details so precise regarding the battle and the localities occupied by Soult's troops, that Peters soon comprehended all the dangers of his position. Fortunately his conversation with the Vivandière had been carried on in Spanish, and his companions knew nothing of its import. Well aware that the knowledge of such a reverse would complete the discouragement of his men, he recommended Dolorès to keep silent on the subject, and sent a horseman to the foremost wagon with orders to turn immediately to the right, in order to reach the sea by the shortest route.

Although this new command seemed to take the convoy off the most direct road to Corunna, where they expected rest and protection, still it was obeyed without much difficulty. The Vivandière alone did not move. Besides that the new road carried her further away from the French encampment, she felt her strength completely exhausted. She told the sergeant she could go no further, and sat down by the road-side, almost fainting. Peters appeared perplexed.

"God pardon me," said he. "This would be as bad as leaving you in the ravine." And he struck the ground with the butt-end of his musket. "When we shall have gone what will you do?"

"I don't know," said the Vivandière, with drooping head and almost inaudible voice.

"But you shall die if left here!" added Peters, with much kindness, evident in his coarse tones.

"Well, after death, God's mercy," faltered Dolorès, and she fainted away.

Peters raised her and called the corporal.

"Quick, Williams, stop the wagon!"

"There is no room in it," replied the Englishman.

"Make room in it."

"For this Spanish harlot!"

"For this dying christian," interrupted the sergeant. "Have you no compassion?"

"Never when I'm in danger," replied the corporal. "Besides, a conquered enemy like her ought to be killed."

"Enough, obey your orders!" exclaimed the sergeant.

Williams complied with a bad grace, and assisted the Vivandière to a place amidst the baggage. The women and the wounded men who were there, already received her with equal hostility.

"Are English wagons made for the use and accommodation of Spanish traitors?" asked many voices.

"Throw her under the wheels," repeated many others. "Fling the Spanish drab to the dogs!"

Peters made no reply, but placed the Vivandière, still senseless, in a little recess, from which the roughest jolting could not dislodge her; then, as time pressed, he ordered the march to be resumed, leaving the rest to God.

The convoy now began to cross a country that became every moment of a wilder character, and more and more interrupted by rocky hills. There, as almost all through Spain, no regular road had been made, and the wheel-ruts or the sheep-tracks indicated the only direction to be followed. The sun had now completely disappeared. The darkness, increased by the thick clouds that covered the sky, hardly allowed a glimpse of the heavy wagons as they labored painfully on over the rocky, dusty soil. But at the end of an hour's march, flashes of lightning began to penetrate the gloom. Soon the rising storm burst forth in all its violence. The thunder, at first interrupted by fitful pauses, now roared on without intermission. Torrents of rain, flashed through by the lightning, fell like a water spout, rushed down the hill-sides and inundated the road, transforming the dusty soil into a lake of mud. The horses terrified at the lightning and the noise, reared and kicked under the whips of the drivers, the exhausted pedestrians sought in vain for shelter behind the wagons, every moment the position of the convoy was becoming more difficult; at last all came to a halt at the head of a long slope, and the sergeant looked around with an uneasy eye.

The veil of falling rain would not allow even the lightning to illumine the way; the flashes extinguished in the mist showed only confused forms and uncertain glimpses, which gave a presentiment of danger without affording an idea of its nature. After vainly trying to penetrate the darkness down into which the descent led, he was on the point of ordering a continuation of the march, when he was startled by a sudden cry from among the wagons.

Dolorès, brought to her senses by the rain, had discovered where she was, and now with extended arms she pointed with horror to the slope on the brink of which the convoy had paused.

"In God's name, not a step further!" she cried to Peters.

"Where does the road lead to then?" asked the sergeant.

"To the *Golfo del Diablo*! the Devil's Gulf!"

"You are sure!"

"Listen!"

Peters waited for one of the short pauses of the tempest, listened, and distinctly heard the terrific roar with which the collected waters of all the hills plunged into the abyss. Recoiling with horror, he forced back the horses from the frightful precipice. His companions, who had also been listening, hastily regained the higher ground.

But there they again encountered the storm in all its violence, and despair began to take possession of the whole troop. The sergeant himself, whose voice could be no longer heard, did not know what to do.

Some of the drivers began unharnessing the horses in the forlorn hope of escaping on their backs somewhere or other from the accumulated difficulties of their position. But Dolorès stood up in the wagon and pointed towards an opening in the hills on the right.

"See there," she cried. "Follow that hill to the next cross-roads. You will then have Corunna at your feet, and in two hours you will be all in safety."

This declaration, translated by Peters, arrested the disorder and somewhat restored the drooping courage. The wagon bearing the Vivandière took the lead, and she herself gave the directions for the march, thereby avoiding ravines and doubling rocks. At last the storm abated. The clouds, dispersed by the sea breeze, vanished, and the sky reappeared sprinkled with stars.

Just then the English reached the cross-roads announced by Dolorès, and a little further on they perceived Corunna, and the roadstead full of ships, from the mast-heads of which floated the proud flag of England! All forgot their sufferings and greeted it with a loud hurrah!

"It was a narrow escape, sergeant," said Williams, approaching Peters; "but we are safe at last."

"We are, but thank this woman for it," replied the Irishman, pointing to the Vivandière. "You see, corporal, that compassion is not always an evil counsellor, and that it is sometimes wiser to save an enemy than to kill him."

CHEER AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

What though the mountain's side be steep,
And rugged be the way?
What though the passing clouds obscure
The brightness of the day?
That mountain's summit has been pressed
By wearier feet than thine;
And through the clouds of thy despair,
Rays from above still shine.

"There's not a rose without a thorn,"
No joy without a grief;
No autumn-time of gathering-in
Without the falling leaf.
Let "upward—onward," be thy lay,
Give in not nor despair;
Thou sharest but the common lot,
Thy burden meekly bear.

Charles Leland.



THE CATHEDRAL OF DOWNPATRICK.

Few places in Ireland possess a greater degree of interest than the ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick. Here are said to have been interred the remains of the great apostle and patron of Ireland—St. Patrick.

The town is built upon a group of hills on the southeast shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognized as far back as 1403; but its date is probably much more remote. It is said to have been the residence of the native kings of Ulidia; its ancient name having been "Aras Keltair," and "Rath Keltair Mac Duarch," that is, "Keltair the son of Duarch."

The Anglo-Normans took possession of the town in 1177, shortly after the invasion by Henry II. of England. It was then the residence of Mac Dunleve, Prince of Ullagh, who retired before the forces of Sir John De Courcy, who is described by Dr. Hanmer "as a knight as worthy as ever trod upon Irish ground." De Courcy is said to have built many castles and churches, repaired highways and bridges, and otherwise to have rendered himself popular. Many are the objects of religious veneration in and about Downpatrick. The tomb of St. Patrick was long a favorite resort. A short distance from the town, in a rugged district is also the favorite station of the "Struel Well." This place was formerly much frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the country, who came on the Vigil of St. John to partake of the benefits of the miraculous flow of the water. But the leading object of attraction is the Cathedral,—the modern structure. It is situated on an eminence to the west of the town, and it is a stately, embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and comprising a nave, choir and aisles, with a lofty tower at the west end embattled and pinnacled and similar square towers at each corner of the east gable, in one of which is a spiral stone stairway leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave

by lofty, elegant arches resting on massive piers from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof which is richly groined and ornamented at the intersections with clusters of foliage. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion; the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestory windows, and the choir by a handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments; which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and subsequently destroyed by Lord De Grey. Over the east window are three elegant niches with ogee pointed arches, which formerly contained on pedestals the remains of the mutilated statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille.

In the old Cathedral, the site of which is one of the most ancient in Ireland, were the tombs of St. Patrick, its founder, St. Bridget and St. Columb. Their tombs are said to have contained the following lines in mediæval Latin verse:

"Hi tries in duno tumulo tumultantur in imo,
Bridgida, Patricius, atque Columba, pius:"

which has been thus rendered into English:

"One tomb three saints contains, one vault below,
Does Bridget, Patrick and Columba show."

The ancient church and its renowned monuments were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard De Grey, in 1538. The profanation of the Cathedral of St. Patrick was one of the articles exhibited against him, when he was impeached. Cambrensis records the event in the following words: "He rased St. Patrike, his church in Doune, an old ancient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie alwaies after detesting and abhorring his profane tyrannie, as they did name it."

The article which lays the crime to his charge is as follows:

"Item: that without any warrant from the King or Councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable after plucked it doune and stript the notable ring of bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of his justice prevented his iniquitie by striking the vessel and passengers within the said bells should have been conveyed." De Grey was found guilty and beheaded.

There were anciently, according to the old Down Survey, no fewer than five religious houses in and near the town, reckoning the Cathedral as one; namely, the Convents of the Benedictines, the Augustines, the Cistercian monks, friars, and nuns, founded by John De Courcy, Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and others. Of these establishments, however, there are no longer any traces to be found. The ravages of time, and the still more destructive hand of the invader, have not permitted a vestige to remain. They have passed from existence like so many others of these sacred and noble edifices, which once formed the glory of Ireland and the pride of her sons.

THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

IN turning our attention from the Grenadas of Spain to more European France, we enter at once a new field of civilization and architecture. The prismatic color and fanciful forms of Arabian ornament, are exchanged for Christian symbols, full of tranquility, and expressive of the most chaste and ecstatic beauty. Instead of Moorish exteriors, fortress-like, grim and forbidding, we have that ever-reaching, soaring spiral work, which characterizes the features of the early pointed style, more redolent in France than in any other nation of Europe. Everything bears about it the impression of the spiritual; you feel the moment you enter a portal, that you are in a christian church; for a certain harmoniousness of outline, neither glittering or overlaid, but still superb in all its classifications, strikes you at once with a sort of reverential rapture, and seems as it were, to draw you to a closer affinity with God. Such a structure is the Cathedral Church of Amiens, one of the earliest and best of the Gothic productions of France. Before however, attempting a description of this exquisite piece of masonry, let us go back to the period, which first brought about the adoption of this style of architecture, which more than any other, has drawn towards it the attention and admiration of the world. At what precise period this transition first took place, or who was the original discoverer, is still but imperfectly understood. Nations have combated for the honor for centuries, without any conclusive result, for it is a remarkable fact, that it appeared in all the principal countries of Europe at pretty nearly the same time, and in a character so similar, that it has been a matter of considerable speculation, how such unity could have founded itself, at a time when Europe was rocked with discord and dissensions, and when but little intercourse with each other was preserved.

To whom then is the world indebted? I might answer in a few words; leaving its origin a mystery, its adoption and preservation, is without doubt due to the monks of the middle ages; to the conservative influence of the monastic institutions; to that glorious unity of the brotherhood, who, when all else had fallen and become debased, nourished within their walls the flame of learning and piety, to be used ultimately in the glorious work of regeneration.

During the stormy periods of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the monasteries it is well known, were the only asylums, where art and science could be preserved, or properly cultivated; and in the seclusion and quiet of their cloisters, while all without was anarchy and confusion, they brought to perfection all those fine works of painting, sculpture, mosaic and architecture, which has challenged the genius of modern days, even to compete with. Early writers inform us, that it was not an uncommon thing for an abbot or a prior, when a new convent or edifice was to be erected, to make out the designs and drawings himself, so well versed were they in all that appertains to building, or to any species of architecture. It formed in fact a part of their study; and when members were transferred from one place to another, or sent abroad to establish new houses, they transmitted all the learning, the usages and improvements which they had gathered at the fountain head. Therefore, to them in a particular manner, is to be attributed that general and almost instantaneous adoption of the pointed style of architecture, which for a time caused so much speculation and wonder among modern church-builders.

Another important tendency, coming as it did in conjunction with the monasteries, was the establishment of *guilds* or *trade-corporations* in Lombardy, and other Italian provinces, which among other branches, advanced the study of architecture, till it assumed in their hands a very important element. Favored and protected by the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, they soon became a highly privileged body, and many persons of rank and distinction, both in Rome, Constantinople, France, Germany and even England, applied for admission into the fraternity, and received the diplomas of "free and accepted masons." Ecclesiastics of all ranks were numbered among their members, and many of them, even abbots and bishops, were gratified by a diploma, as architect and builder. Thus the double chain of circumstances led towards the same result. The missionaries and the masons worked for each others interest, the latter having lodges or headquarters in each country, oftentimes chartered and protected by the sovereigns. So much influence did this joint association exert, that as Mr. Hope says, in his "Essay on Architecture," "a new apostle of the gospel no sooner arrived in the remotest corner of Europe, either to convert the inhabitants to Christianity, or to introduce among them a new religious order, than speedily followed a tribe of itinerant masons to back him, and to provide the inhabitants with the necessary places of worship or reception."

Now comes the question, who invented the pointed arch? for upon that rests the whole mystery of the style. Mr. Britton in his work entitled "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain," has given more than fifty published opinions, given by different authors at different periods in reference to it. Sir Christopher Wren attributes it to the Saracens, as well as many subsequent writers, who conceive it to have been an importation from the Mahomedans through France. Bishop Warburton gives the honor to the Goths, but thinks Arabian architects perfected it; while Wootten and Evelyn in the seventeenth century attributed it to the Goths alone, who struck it out when they invaded Italy, and from which it has derived the name of Gothic. Some in endeavoring to trace it out, have arrived at most ludicrous conclusions, and the present century has not been wanting in such theories. For instance, Sir James Hall in adverting to it, supposes it to have originated from the fashion of weaving and interlacing twigs with what is called wicker-work; an idea that contains more poetry than foundation. Mr. Payne Knight sifts it so well that he has given it a most wonderful antiquity. He says: "the pointed arch, which we call Gothic, is the primitive arch; of which the earliest instance known in Europe is the Emissaries of the Lake of Albano, built during the seige of Veio, long before either the Greeks or Romans knew how to turn any other kind of arch." But in 1820 this theory was distanced by one Lascelles, who in a work published on architecture, gives it an antiquity as far back as the deluge itself, giving to Noah the honor of the invention. He is ingenious in his calculations, and his deductions if not wholly plausible are peculiar and interesting. He says: "pointed architecture was not invented by mathematicians or mechanics; nor by the Goths, Anglo-Saxons, or Saracens. It is plainly not the invention of any artists; still less is it Egyptian, Grecian or Roman. As for the Orientals, the form reached them, as we see in their temples, in the shape also of the Phrygian and Median bonnet, with something perhaps of a symbolical and hieroglyphical allusion. It may be traced too in their architecture—just as their paganism is the mutilated trunk, or ruined remain and tumulus, of transpired revelation. I think further, and have no doubt, that its origin is merely Hebraic—of the very highest antiquity." It would be tedious to enter into all

the new phases, which this subject has taken within the two last centuries, and still nothing definite can be fixed upon for its origin. It has been a mystery to the minds of all nations, and with the rest one might suppose it to have come from the hands of angels themselves, as a design most worthy for the worship of the Almighty.

In which of the countries of Europe it appeared first is as great a mystery as its origin. In England the transition first took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, where the adoption of the style began to grow so general as to throw away altogether the Semi-Norman or round-arch style, which was at that time universal. In Italy the form never received its full development at all, it lasted but two centuries, and in 1400 it went out altogether to give place to the new style of Italian or revived Roman. The first Gothic structure ever erected in Italy, was the church at Assissó, which was built by a German architect named Joctus, who was recommended to the founders by the Emperor Frederick the second, there being no architect in Italy at the time capable of constructing it. The Church was dedicated to St. Francis, the founder of the order of Franciscan Monks, whose memory had just been canonized by the Church. The Italians were charmed with its grace and beauty, and in compliment to the architect gave the style the name of *Gotico Tedesco*, or—German Gothic—which rather confutes the theory of its priority in Italy, and gives it as coming to them from the Germans. Its appearance there is analogous with that of England, perhaps a little anterior, as the Cathedral of Cologne was commenced in 1248 in its present plan, and in 1235, according to Möller, the church of the Teutonic Order of Knights, was commenced at Marburg in this style, and accomplished soon after in the most perfect style and harmony up to the western gate or porch. Its adoption in Germany, however, has been characterized by peculiarities differing from either that of France or England. In the fourteenth century particularly the German cathedrals were distinguished by the great pitch of their roofs, the extraordinary height of their spires, and the singular and extravagant combination of their ornaments. The gables generally were of such elephantine proportions as to occupy half the structure, covered with tiles of porcelain placed in mosaic order; while the statuary, which were usually of kings and other dignitaries, loomed over the interior in grave-like order, giving you in their quaint posturing the very idea of saintly melancholy. Differing very much from these, were the gorgeous turrets of the Franks, then as now, the very perfection of artistic beauty and cultivated taste. The superiority has been conceded to France since the erection of Amiens and the Choir of Beauvois, which are examples in themselves of that singular beauty and loftiness of conception, which distinguish the work of French architects, not approached by even the high reputation of Salisbury. From whence, or in what manner the pointed style first made its appearance in France, are questions not yet solved by antiquaries. It is pretty generally understood that it dates anterior to that of England, though the twelfth century brought it to light in both consecutively. In 1137, the Abbey Church of St. Denis, was raised, which is the first known to have been constructed. Then followed the Convent of Knights Templars in Paris, and in 1170, the Abbey of St. Pére, at Chartres. The same period begot the foundation of the Cathedral of Cologne, that of Lyons and the Collegiate Church of St. Nicolas, at Amiens; showing the intense hold, this style must have taken with the minds of the people, and the enthusiasm with which they labored at its perfection. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries though was the golden eras which brought Gothic architecture in France to its highest

apex. The artists were an influential and numerous body, the spirit of the crusades was developing itself over the land, and the crown of France sat upon the brows of monarchs, remarkable alike for their piety and munificence. Churches went up with the greatest rapidity, vying with each other in magnificence and spirituality of detail, as if fate had singled out this era for the particular triumph of Gothic art. The most sumptuous Cathedrals that France boasts of, were erected during this period. That of Rheims, which Wallace calls the "full blown flower," Amiens, Notre Dame—at Paris, St. Germain des Prés, and the Church of St. Nicaise, are among the number whose prodigies of skill are conspicuous in every lineament. But the sanguinary wars with England, which immediately succeeded chained down for a time all the glorious reaching of architecture, and indirectly may be said to have caused the extinguishment of the style, for it began to degenerate immediately after. The soil of fair France was but one arena of bloodshed and dissension; the nobles divided against themselves, and the monarchs, flying from defeat and captivity with an exhausted treasury, and a population wasted with famine and desolation, there could not be otherwise, than a general stagnation, which revives only with a change. That change brought about the introduction of Italian architecture, which afterwards characterized the features of the French School.

While the pointed style lasted, it underwent very nearly the same innovations as in England, growing as it advanced more ornate and florid, till it assumed in many of its component parts, a character so lanceolate and tapering, that they invented for it the name of *flamboyant*, from its resemblance to the flame form or light of a candle. An approach is made to this by the English in the character of their Decorated.

Thus we have the different features of the pointed style as it developed in the several countries of Europe, its rise and its fall; and the spur and influence which it gave to architecture generally, has been incalculably great, rousing as it did all the inventive genius of France, Italy, Spain and Germany for successive centuries, till one might suppose art to have exhausted itself in the effort of sublimity. From whatever source, however, sprung this noblest feature of architecture, it must be attributed in the main to the high sentiment of religious enthusiasm, which prevailed during the tenth and eleventh centuries, that it became so generally adopted. In a character so suitable to Christian ideas, with all its symbolic imagery and exquisite developments, it became as it were, part of the glory of the new faith upon which it was thought no architect could excel, but those fresh from the rapture and sanctity of the cloisters. The Cathedral of Amiens exemplifies to the fullest extent this reaching after spirituality. Standing within view of its splendid detail, you might suppose it to have been conceived by a seraph, and executed by the hands of angels. Its construction was first commenced in 1220, on the site of an older structure, which was burnt some time previous, and completely finished as it now stands, in about a century later, which in comparison with the generality of this class of buildings, is a very short period. It is said to have been conceived by its founder, as a suitable repository for the relics of St. John the Baptist; it being a traditionary belief among the good people of Amiens, that they were the possessors of the head of the blessed apostle. The view of the church, as you approach the city, is much disfigured on account of the close propinquity of the houses, and in fact the building itself, as viewed from a distance, savors more of deformity than gracefulness, for the roof, which is a prodigious frame work of carved oak, occupies an elevation of more than two hundred feet, with a vertical

rise of fifty from its lowermost edge to the ridge, which form one of its most extraordinary features, and throws into bad relief the general outline of the building. The ridge of this stupendous piece of work forms the shape of a cross, and at one time was crowned with a series of crockets, and ornaments in trefoil, which were removed in 1527, along with a tower over the intersection of the nave and transepts, to give place to other improvements such as now exist.

Of the four exterior fronts, the western one from its pyramidal clustering of towers and parapets, forms at once the most attractive and conspicuous. The portals for instance concentrate within themselves, sufficient magnificence to prepossess you with what is to be seen within them. The architect, one would suppose, intended to make this portion of his labor an illustration of the maxim, that, "the face is the index of the soul," for in not one foot of all the massive compartments, has he omitted the almost miraculous evidence of his skill, filling up every niche and recess, and clustering together in the best conceivable taste all manner of Gothic detail, such as pillars, canopies, pendants, trefoils and quatrefoils, statuary, open-work and arches, sufficient for any three ordinary cathedrals, and almost impossible to enumerate in detail. The lowest portion of the portals, consists of a series of parallel bas-reliefs, in what is called, panelled quatre-foil, more than a hundred in number, representing the different apostles and disciples, the Seven Virtues, and various zodiacal signs. And above these, describing the sides and recesses of all the three portals, are statues, life size, supported by a pillar and a corbel, and surmounted by a canopy. Those of the middle portal, represent the saints and prophets of the Old and New Testament, executed by Flemish artists; those of another, the scenes in the life of the Virgin, &c., all of which are quaintly, but yet beautifully executed, bearing about their composition an originality of ideas, and force of thought, peculiar to the early Christian school, and exemplified in the works of Pisano, Donatello, and Fillipo di ser Brunelleschi, who figured about the same period. The productions of these eminent sculptors, remarkable in their time for a high order of genius, bears no comparison with the works of our own period, or even of those of the sixteenth century. They want that perfection of mechanical skill, that sweetness of expression, and softness of outline, which characterize the more cultivated period of Michael Angelo and Bernino. The perfection of grace and position, was then but imperfectly understood; an austere stiffness, and a misplacement of drapery, pervades all the early statuary, and particularly those of the monastic and renaissance period, whose symbolisms were clothed in all the harshness of austerity. As an instance of how little ideal beauty was taught or understood in those days of rigidity, Mr. Westmacott, relates an anecdote as taken from Vasari, which fully characterizes the mediocrity of this school, the substance of which is as follows: Donatello, the great cotemporary of Brunelleschi, having carved a crucifix, for the chapel of Santa Croce at Florence, was so well pleased with his skill, that he conceived it to be the most admirable piece of work ever executed, and sent for his friend to come and witness it. Brunelleschi having his expectations much raised by his friend's own enthusiasm, went with the expectation of beholding a miraculous *Chef d'œuvre* of art; but the moment he cast his eyes upon it, he could scarcely conceal his disappointment, and merely bestowed a few words of commendation. Donatello remarking this, pressed him for an avowal of his opinion, when he said, "that the figure he had given of our Saviour, had more of the expression and appearance of an ordinary laborer, than a representation of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whose person we must believe to be of extraordinary beauty, and

who was beyond all doubt, the most perfect man ever born." Donatello, already much chagrined, could not brook this sudden severity from his rival, and remarked—"it is easier to criticise than to execute; take you a piece of wood and carve a better crucifix." Brunelleschi said no more, but when he returned home, he proceeded to his work, and after a few months of incessant labor, produced a new crucifix. Soon afterwards meeting his friend in the street, he invited him as if incidentally to come and dine with him. Donatello accepting the invitation, they proceeded together till they came to the market place, where Brunelleschi purchasing some eatables gave them to the former to carry to his house, where he would join him presently. Donatello having reached his friend's chamber, was about to disburden himself, when his attention became arrested by the figure of the crucifix, which Brunelleschi had taken care to place advantageously, and so completely did he become absorbed in the contemplation of it, that forgetting the provisions he was bearing, he raised his arms to give vent to his admiration, and immediately vegetables, butter and eggs fell to the floor. Forgetful of all but the beauty of the crucifix, he remained in the same attitude, until Brunelleschi stepping in asked him what were they to do for dinner, for he had spoiled all. "I have had sufficient dinner for this day," answered Donatello dejectedly, "you perhaps may dine with a better appetite. To you, I confess belongs the power of carving the figure of Christ; to me, that of day-laborers." Both of these crucifixes are yet to be seen, one at the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, and the other at that of Santa Croce. Of the merits of the two, judging from the standard of our own days, that of Brunelleschi has evidently the most, though it is not what would be called a masterpiece now, no more than was Donatello's after the criticism of his rival.

But to return to the Cathedral. All these magnificent porches are deeply recessed, and their roofs carved and guilloched in the most elaborate manner, representing the fumes of censers, chalices, cherubs-heads, and a series of scriptural subjects so delicate, complete and impressive, that French arrangement has obtained in it, a triumph well worthy of a text. The great central compartment, flanked by the two massive towers, forms also another museum of sculpture and architectural detail, nowhere to be excelled. It is a complex series of alterations and improvements, loaded with relievos and statuary, and surmounted with a parapet and a magnificent wheel window, whose gorgeous hues like the passage of a rainbow, diffuses a flood of spiritual light over the whole interior of the edifice. The two towers are made up of crockets, spires and pinnacles, branching up to the sky like the arms of a gigantic aloe, or a forest of bayonets. The lower portions consist of an arch of the same span as the portals, and above that a triforium or open gallery, and clustering upwards in dizzy rotation are arches open and otherwise, statues in niches, of all the French monarchs, from King Pepin down, life size and about twenty-four in number, crowned with a series of pinnacles and other gothic ornaments too manifold to follow. The great massive buttresses which form a distinguishable feature of this part of the front, are replete with spiral ornature, and in their many stages, so graceful, pliant and tapering do they appear to the eye, that really one wonders at the ingenuity of the architect, in weaving together such a combination of geometrical forms, and bringing them into such perfect harmony with each other, that not one single portion of its detail can be detected out of place. Gazing at this monument of perfection now, one can hardly realize the spirit of religious enthusiasm, which must have actuated the cloisters of that period, to build up in so short a time such a mas-

terpiece of architecture, where the labor, intricate and bewildering as it is in all its detail, is not alone a climax of art, but patient, accumulation of centuries, verifying those words of the Poet Kingsley, as put into the mouth of Conrad :

" 'Tis we alone
Can join the patience of the laboring ox
Unto the eagle's foresight,—not a fancy
Of ours, but grows in time to mighty deeds
Victories in heavenly warfare."

Passing to the southern section of the cathedral, we behold another series of those splendid flying-buttresses, which form such an extraordinary feature of the building. They serve to sustain the great nave of the church, by overleaping the aisles of the roof from the greater buttresses beneath, and are adorned many of them with niches and statues, representing the Saviour and Evangelists. The general appearance of this front is very pleasing and beautiful; it consists of three porches, one of which on the west, called the porch of St. Christopher, is highly adorned with carving, and has a fine figure of the saint sculptured in the wall. Another of the porches called the gate of St. Honoré, at the end of the south transept is elaborately finished, being literally covered with a profusion of statuettes, tracing and foiling, with a magnificent gilt statue of the Virgin crowning the central pin of the doorway. Within the arch are three rows of bas-reliefs executed by a Flemish artist, representing the foundation, and some historical events of the first bishops. On the sides of the porch are six statues supported by plinths in memory of six benefactors, who had in times gone by, given royal donations towards the completion of the great work, and in the vaulting over the portal, there is a perfect heaven of tracery, foliage and *alti relievi* encrusted with beads and pregnant with all manner of delicate *chef d'œuvres* of which it is difficult to conceive anything more extravagant or beautiful. Above the central porch are two galleries and a wheel-window, whose circumference is also radiant with carving and gilded statuary, and above all these rises the gable of the transept supporting a statue of the Saviour, and the soaring pinnacles of its many buttresses where,

"High on every peak a statue seemed
To hang on tip-toe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odor steamed
From out a golden cup."

Of the northern front, there is but little, differing in its general character, to excite admiration. It has one very great disadvantage, that so little can be seen of it at a time on account of the close vicinage of the houses, whose smoke may be observed rising and curling among the tracery of the stone-work above. There is an incongruity in the number of statues which haunt all its exterior, which is altogether in bad taste, and takes from it much of its nobleness of outline. They have neither the grace of Canova, nor the ideality of Bernini, and however much they might have excelled at their birth, they bear about them now only the interest of antiquity, the truthful symbols of an anterior age. The eastern portion of the cathedral takes a semicircular form, connecting the easternmost portions of the sides towards the north and south. A series of flying buttresses, lofty in form and superbly enriched, serves to support the massive stone work of the choir, which is an ornate feature, the windows having two divisions with highly wrought

circular mullions, the top of the arch joined with a knot of delicately carved marigolds. The roof of the Church, which has been alluded to before, bristles with a forest of spiral ornaments; the lower portion which takes an octagonal form, is crowded with rows of statues on solid stone pedestals, representing a whole calendar of weather-beaten saints. From the midst of this mass of crockets and spears, rises the massively decorated spire, clothed with an exterior coating of lead, and profuse with Gothic drapery as a virgin forest of Brazil. Its height is estimated as being four hundred and twenty feet from the ground to its apex, a very dizzy elevation, but not sensitively so to the eye, on account of the great height of the roof, and the proportionally small diameter as compared with the great bulk of the body of the building. This and the irregular height of the two western towers, are the only two features about the edifice which detract from the general harmony of its proportions, and in this defect only is it behind the charming Salisbury, that proud representative of the English school. The interior of the cathedral presents one of the most luxurious spectacles of architectural ingenuity and skill, that can possibly be conceived. Everything around you is embellished in the most extraordinary manner, presenting a maze of light tracery and superb carving, which seen through a multiplicity of perspectives, gives a most dazzling effect, only to be seen to be appreciated. The repose and quiet magnificence which reign over all, the beautiful clerestories robed in their gorgeous hues, and the enormous height and delicate proportions of all its compartments, fill the mind with wonder and astonishment, and lift you in spirit from all that appertains to earth, to the highest regions of art where all is perfection.

"In such a nook, now, to nestle from this noisy world,"

might we exclaim with the poet, for here reigns all the majesty and repose of a spiritual life, every nook, alcove and stall, being filled with adjuncts for contemplation, rich and impressive in all their details. It would be impossible in this notice to enter into any description of all its varied complicated detail, as any attempt would lead us into a maze of difficulties, too numerous and intricate for words to convey. On this point however, we may quote a few words from the notes of Dr. Whewell, who speaking of its interior features, says: "To a person fresh from English edifices, this effect is combined with surprise at finding a cathedral so complete and impressive, and yet in many respects so different from the familiar type of English cathedrals. The polygonal east apse is a feature which we seldom see, and nowhere so exhibited, and on such a scale; and the peculiarly French arrangement, which puts the walls at the outside edge of the buttresses, and thus forms interior chapels all round, giving a vast amount of perspective below, which fills out the idea produced by the gigantic height of the central space. Even the colossal figures of the worshipping angels and saints, bending forward at the bases of the piers of the choir, add to the sentiment which its architectural grandeur excites, and connect a devotional feeling with the upward lines which the eye traces to their concourse apparently in another region."

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

Translated from the French.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next day, towards ten o'clock, the surgeon who was attending him, not finding him and not being able to get any news from Wilson, had recourse to the marquis, who upon a false report of one of the jailers who had heard some words of the conversation between Emil and Silva, imagined that he wished to escape, had sent for Georges, a jailer particularly entrusted with the Catholic prisoners, and had said to him :

"Go to such a room—you will there find a Catholic who intends to escape; transfer him elsewhere, and you will answer to me for his person."

Without further directions, Georges had followed the impulse of his hatred against the Catholics, and he had treated Silva as we have seen.

The marquis told the surgeon to ask Georges to conduct him to Silva. He found him still extended on the floor, and in a most deplorable condition. Moved with lively compassion, he leaned over him, and finding him burning and quite delirious, he carried him to the straw; then turning to Georges :

"If this young prisoner is not condemned to death," said he, "he has been treated with too much barbarity; perhaps I have come too late to save him. Unfasten the iron quickly from his left hand, because this arm is wounded, and go bring a glass of fresh water."

Georges refused the first demand, and went for the water. The surgeon made Silva drink some of it and put a pledget on his wound, but could do no more as long as his hand was confined by the iron, which was shut with a padlock. He left him and went to look for the marquis, whom he asked if he had determined on the death of his prisoner. The surgeon was but too much accustomed then to see the Catholic captives end their days—by hunger and want of all assistance—in their dungeons, when they were not massacred.

The marquis yielded to his instances and came back with him to see Silva. The surgeon showed him how his arm and hand were swollen, and what he must have to suffer. The latter commanded Georges to take away the chain which locked the wrist, and coming to Silva: "Why then, unhappy young man, have you sought to escape?" Silva looked at him some moments without knowing him. "I am going to have you removed and taken care of," said the marquis.

"It is not necessary," said Silva in a very weak voice. "I am very well here." Then recognizing those who stood about him, and the marquis perceiving it, reiterated his first question. "I have never had a thought or the will to escape," said Silva, with a gentle smile. "If the offer had been made me, I would have rejected it."

"Did Frederick bring any one else with him? Speak, young man."

"Do you not know me yet, my lord, do you believe me susceptible of fear? Be at peace—your prisoner would not have escaped without your authority, even if he had the most ample means; and now what can you

fear from him since he is dying?" In saying these words a faint smile played upon his lips.

The marquis had a strengthening liquor brought at the request of the surgeon, and commanded them to transfer him to an apartment of the quarter he had already occupied. The young Walsingham seized the hand of the marquis, and with a sweet and charming affection:

"I thank you for your kindness," said he, "but I beg you to let me die here. I am too happy to be really a prisoner and loaded with chains for my religion."

The marquis turned towards the surgeon, who shared his surprise. Silva was carried into a more commodious room, and placed without consciousness on a bed they had prepared for him. His wound was so inflamed, and the whole arm so painful that he could not bear the slightest movement without fainting. The surgeon was very uneasy, and appeared to fear seriously for his life, or the loss of his wounded limb.

"It does not require so much deliberation," said Georges, who was still his guardian; "the loss of an arm or a limb is nothing to save life, and the most expeditious measures are always the best with prisoners." Silva turned pale, without, however, making any objection.

"Do with me what you please," said he with heavenly sweetness.

The surgeon more and more charmed with his heroic resignation and unalterable peace, which he preserved amidst the most acute sufferings, requested to hold a consultation with Mr. Moore, and it was granted; for the marquis had then no kind of fear for the evasion of his prisoner in his present condition.

Mr. Moore on entering was sadly struck with the situation of his friend. Silva made him a sign to, lean towards him and said to him very low:

"Do not trouble yourself about my cure; I feel very certain that I have but a short time to live, but if I can receive from you the last sacraments I will die happy. You will console my father, Mr. Moore; he will bless God for having chosen his son for himself alone, for having reserved him for so many favors. It is the prayers of Arthur that have obtained for me this privileged lot."

Mr. Moore much more affected than he wished to appear, embraced Silva, and asked if he could remain an hour and a half alone with him, saying that he knew a remedy for his maladies, but he would not communicate it.

The marquis consented to it; and about an hour after, Mr. Moore came back, shut himself up with his friend and dared at the risk of his life to celebrate mass in his prison. Silva answered it from his bed, and after the holy sacrifice, Mr. Moore heard his confession and gave him holy communion. He exhorted him afterwards to suffer with courage what was necessary for his preservation, and prepare himself for death in case that he should fall under the severe but indispensable operations for the cure of his arm and to save his life. The angelical prisoner was transported with the purest joy, offered himself and all the sufferings reserved for him, and passed some time in the delights of divine love, and an anticipation of eternal beatitude. Mr. Moore, while his young friend gave himself up to these spiritual joys, went on his knees and prayed himself with more fervor to receive from on high, the courage and success he desired; then he arose and gave Silva his blessing.

"You have been loaded with the gifts of heaven, my dear Silva," said he; "you must now suffer generously still, and think of the new merits

and rewards which are the price of it; recall to your mind all that Jesus Christ has endured for us, and all that the martyrs have done for his love, and reflect that in whatever manner you are going to suffer, it is for the faith, since it is for it that your wound has been neglected, and you yourself have been reduced to the state in which you are."

Silva kissed Mr. Moore's hand fervently. "I am ready for all," said he, "do not spare my body, but only watch over my soul."

Mr. Moore made the sign of the cross upon his forehead. He then applied hot irons to his wound so cruelly painful. Silva prayed and opposed neither complaint nor resistance; and often he endeavored to smile upon his friend amidst the tears that escaped in spite of him—a deadly paleness was spread upon his countenance which each moment became more so. Long fainting spells followed this state. Mr. Moore gave him an anodyne and gently opened the door, which he left a little ajar: he had taken care to leave no vestige of the holy sacrifice which he had celebrated, having brought and shut up again all that he had need of in a locked case, which contained, also, all his surgical instruments. He passed the remainder of the evening and night with Silva, who had several spells of weakness; he was speechless, but perfectly sensible; his languid looks expressed again his resignation and his gratitude.

The other physician came the next morning; Mr. Moore made a sign to him to speak very low and to leave the door open, Silva not being able to bear the least noise. The physician found him nearly free from fever, but extremely weak; he withdrew, leaving him to Mr. Moore's care. Silva passed three days between life and death; however, his youth, and the strength of a sound constitution triumphed over the sickness; he was very soon in a condition to be removed. The marquis had him lodged in his own hotel, confiding him to a faithful domestic, who was to be responsible for him; for he suspected that he was the son of the Marquis of Rosline, and he was resolved not to restore him to liberty until he would be enlightened on that point.

Meanwhile Frederick was greatly terrified at the recital of Wilson, who informed him how the prisoner had been taken away. He could obtain no information from his uncle about Silva's fate; when he had been removed to the hotel the latter offered to allow Frederick to see him, on condition that he would spare nothing to discover his name and inform him of it. Frederick promised every thing, fully resolved, however, not to become the spy of his friend. The same day the marquis went to see Silva, who, though still very weak, was much better, and almost without fever. He seated himself near his bed, and taking his hand, which was burning:

"You are still suffering much," said he."

"I am well," replied Silva; "will you only tell me if the Duke of Norfolk ——" he stopped.

"Let us not think of him," replied the marquis. "What is your name?"

"That is my secret, my lord."

"Your country?"

"Scotland."

"Do you know the family of Rosline and of Fairfax Walsingham?"

"Who does not know the first, at least by name?"

"You are too young to have seen the traitor, Arthur of Rosline; . . . but his son . . . do you not know him?"

"Must you know that, my lord?"

"Yes, absolutely; is it not, perhaps, yourself?"

"Were I the son of the Marquis of Rosline, I do not think I should be modest enough to conceal it," said Silva, smiling, "but this beautiful name is not mine."

"What is your name, then?"

"My lord, I repeat once more, it is my secret."

"Your liberty depends on it."

"I believe, on the contrary, it would be an obstacle to it."

"You are then the son of one of those proscribed persons?"

"Until now, my lord, my family have lost neither their estates nor their titles, they do not, however, owe them to a shameful participation in the rebellion of the Scots against their lawful queen."

The marquis arose, and went out without answering. About an hour afterwards a young man of interesting appearance came to Silva's room, and after a few words of condolence upon his situation announced himself as a minister of the Anglican religion, and had been sent to him to persuade him to embrace the religion which would purchase his liberty for him. Silva smiled.

"I would be very well pleased to receive your instructions," said he, "when I shall be a little better able to answer. I am just recovering from sickness, and am not yet perfectly restored."

The stranger surprised at Silva's condescension, took his hand.

"If you bring with you as much good faith and candor as I have in my religion, our conferences will, without doubt, finish by an abjuration; but it will not be mine."

The stranger discovered the motive of Silva's complaisance; he joked about it gaily. They talked together some time. Silva, however spoke to him with great strength and clearness, on the fundamental and unshaken basis of the Roman Catholic religion; his discourse being animated by that intimate conviction and ardent faith which cannot fail to persuade, made an impression on his adversary that he could not conceal; he was an upright and sensible man; he had a horror for change of doctrine, and fulfilled the commission with which he was entrusted with regret. Having been born in the Anglican sect, and brought up with a thousand prejudices against the Church, he found in the gentleness, faith, courage and modesty of Silva, a striking contrast with what he had heard of Catholics; he left him much moved and shaken, and we know afterwards that he had returned to the faith of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER his departure, Silva had a violent attack of fever, caused by fatigue and excitement.

Meanwhile the marquis spoke to Duke Alphonso of his prisoner, of Frederick's attachment and his ardent desire to bring him over to his religion. The duke entered into his views, and did not conceal at the same time how much he was interested in Silva, and that he owed to him Malvina's life.

"He has very noble sentiments and heroic firmness of soul," replied the marquis, "but it would be much more dangerous for him in the present circumstances; his birth however is, I believe, very obscure."

"I beg your pardon," said Frederick, quickly, who had just come in.

"Do you know his name?"

Frederick colored. "I know that he is the son of a Scotch count."

The marquis smiled with an air of disdain. "There are counts upon counts," said he, "without doubt, some of the nobility married beneath their rank or branded during the late rebellions."

"Never, my uncle, has the count of Walsingham been implicated in the affairs of Arthur of Rosline."

"The prisoner is the son of the Count of Fairfax Walsingham," repeated the marquis slowly, "he certainly must know where the son of Arthur of Rosline is."

Frederick did not suspect the consequences of his indiscretion, and thought he had inspired his uncle with more esteem and regard for his friend. He hastened to his sister, informed her of all that had occurred, and with the lightness peculiar to his age, joined to a vivid imagination, had already arranged Silva's abjuration, his union with Malvina, and the happiness of having him for a brother-in-law. Frederick went immediately with Emil to Silva, to whom he spoke at first of his change of religion, and all the advantages this condescension would procure him. Emil kept a painful silence; Silva had not perceived the young Count of Tudor. He spoke forcibly to Frederick.

"I esteem you, my lord," said he, afterwards, "and I love you, but if you believe me so far worthy of your contempt as to change my religion, not from conviction, however false, but for low, vain and human considerations, I should esteem myself very unfortunate ever to have been attached to you. There is no fear that could shake me, and no hope equal to what my religion presents."

Emil drew near, took his hand and shook it with an expressive silence; the entrance of the physician interrupted them; he was with Mr. Moore, whom Silva had not seen since he came to the house of the marquis; his presence made a deep impression on him, he threw his arms around him and burst into tears; his great weakness made his sensitive disposition excessive, and the painful restraint which the visits of so many Protestants, who labored in concert to shake his faith, caused him to experience at this moment in the presence of Mr. Moore, a joy above his strength. The latter requested to be left alone with him. Silva retained Emil's hand, making a sign for him to remain, but not wishing that Frederick, so young and thoughtless, should suspect Mr. Moore's character, which Emil knew.

Frederick went out immediately with the physician, and Silva after having received the benediction of his friend, related to him the persecution he had suffered for his religion, and the efforts of the Protestant minister and Frederick, conjuring him to aid him with his counsels and support. He asked him news of Grove Castle. Mr. Moore satisfied him on all his questions, told him that I had written to his father, who had no suspicions of his danger; Silva inquired for Howard.

"He is happy!" said Mr. Moore with a deep sigh, and spoke immediately of something else.

"Ah! pray much for him," replied Silva fervently, "whatever may be our virtues, the eternal justice must be satisfied.—The Duke of Norfolk has perished, it is the last blow for Queen Mary . . . her last defender."

He leaned his head on his hands, and remained some time plunged in meditation, accompanied by a fervent prayer; then fixing his eyes upon Emil:

"You see," said he, "whether Mr. Moore fears to expose himself when he can serve a friend, and whether he is wrong to reserve himself sometimes, in order afterwards to be more useful to those he loves; for

my part, I am not disturbed about my fate, if some beings who are dear to me would embrace the truth."

"He who is most attached to you is a Catholic," said Emil, seizing his hand; "he waits but for the moment to declare it."

"O Emil! what keeps you? Has Mr. Moore received your abjuration?"

The young Count of Tudor without answering, fell upon his knees, made his profession of the Catholic faith and his abjuration of heresy in the hands of Mr. Moore, then he precipitated himself in the arms of his friend. "Let me now save you," said he, "consent to fly with me to London. I will answer for every thing."

The entrance of the marquis interrupted them. Emil went out with Mr. Moore; the marquis placed himself beside Silva.

"To restore you perfectly, you have need of air and recreation," said he. "You may judge that I attach great price to your restoration, since to the care of your health, I added also the society of those you appear to desire, or prefer to receive; I engage as soon as you are able to get up to allow you to walk in the gardens of this hotel, which are large and well situated; I confide in your honor; you have not at my house the name of prisoner, but I rely upon you that you will make no attempt to leave the abode, which I give to you entirely for the place of your captivity."

"You know me too well, my lord," said Silva with a sigh; "and if the desire of my liberty troubled the peace of my soul, I might complain bitterly of a confidence that would take from me the hope of escaping, the last consolation of captives—I accept, nevertheless, with gratitude a favor so burdensome, I will answer for it."

The marquis admired secretly the noble dignity of this answer, shook Silva's hand and left him: the latter overjoyed at the conversion of Emil, prostrated himself upon his knees and remained in prayer. Emil came back to him.

"My well-beloved Silva," said he, "I urged you very much some hours since to consent to fly with me, I then consulted only my own happiness; but at this moment a greater motive animates me. I am going to confide a secret to you, which will triumph over all the reasons you may yet have to oppose to me. About an hour after I left you, I was walking on the terrace, when I saw the Marquis of R . . . , who had probably just left you, coming up: he accosted the Duke of D . . . , 'I have discovered,' said he to the duke, 'that the Count of Walsingham, the father of my prisoner, dwells thirty miles from the capital, I suspect that a young man who passes for his son is that of Arthur of Rosline. I am going to write to the count that his son is a prisoner at London, that there is no time to lose, in endeavoring to deliver him, and that a friend counsels him to address immediately the governor of the prison. I will assure myself of his person and the son of Arthur shall not escape me.' This," continued Emil, "is what I heard, not wishing to listen to more, I returned to you; let us set out without delay, let us go to Grove Castle, your presence will defeat the whole plot; your father will be cautioned and we will quit England. Save yourself, Silva," added the young Tudor. "All my plans, all my opinions, would dictate to me a different manner of acting; but Emil become your friend, become a Catholic, has no other views, no other sentiments than yours for the glory of religion and the preservation of its defenders."

Silva, too much moved to answer the Count of Tudor, kept a long and painful silence; his face bathed in tears, he leaned his head upon Emil's

bosom, who was standing up before him, and pressed him in his trembling arms.

"He who protects innocence will watch over me, and over my father, and will save Edmund," said he in a faint voice; "for my part, I will not quit this house, my destiny is to die here; honor, an imperious duty, will retain me, and all that I have most dear must yield to it!"

I must suspend my recital, my dear Alphonse; business of importance compels me to be absent several days. I have made you sufficiently acquainted with those among whom I have the honor to be here, to inspire you with a most ardent desire to come and join us. Come, then, as soon as you can; you will crown the wishes of

Your best friend,

ED. SEYMOUR.

THE END.

ANGELS.

The following very beautiful selection, we clip from an Irish paper, copied, probably from that true source of genuine poetry, the *Dublin University Magazine*. It is happily adapted to this calm and holy day, and to the autumn Sabbath morning, when, in the hazy of gray dawn, from sacrificial altar steps flicker the lights of candelabras, and, through the still air, rings the blessed *Sanctus*: when tinkling bell heralds "*Domine, non sum dignus*," or the "*mea culpa*," comes from thousands of devotional hearts.

Where the light streams on the abbey floor,
Through the tall windows, through the low door;
Into the abbot's room, down the broad stair,
Pure in its wanderings—Angels are there!

Where the white tapers dream in the day,
Timidly beaming each tremulous ray,
Milder than noonday staining the air,
Meek in their mellowness—Angels are there!

Where in the beauteous nook, loved and alone,
Stands the bright Virgin's shrine, purity's own!
Children decking it ope-lipped with prayer,
Pallid with earnestness—Angels are there!

Where on the altar high, sacred and bright,
Stand the tall chalices, clothed with light;
When the blest "*sanctus*" rings thro' the still air,
Wreathing their myriad wings—Angels are there!

Angels crowd joyously, hailing the lamb,
Into Jerusalem, burthened with palm!
"*Sanctus*," they fondly sing, bright'ning the air:
Round heaven's glorious King—Angels are there!

Armies of angels, led on by their Queen,
Compass the altars then, joining unseen,
With heaven's pious poor, prayer with prayer!
Watching them—blessing them—Angels are there!

Angels are everywhere, guarding us all,
Lest in the meshes of evil we fall!
Angels are guarding by night and by day,
Save they be banished by foul sin away!
Ever o'er erring man watching with care;
Faithfullest sentinels!—Angels are there!

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITE.

LOUIS BONAPARTE, FATHER OF NAPOLEON III.—He was a sub-lieutenant at fourteen, and distinguished himself both in Italy and Egypt. His philosophical turn of mind accompanied him to the field; and when he found himself among the dirty, ferocious, and strong-smelling Bedouins, he expressed a wish that Jean Jacques Rousseau could have been compelled to dwell with the "man of nature" whom he lauded so much and of whom he knew so little. It was the longing wish of Josephine, and the desire of Napoleon, to see Louis united to Hortense—Josephine's daughter. The lady was beautiful, accomplished, and—nineteen. But Louis, though only twenty-three years of age, was too reserved, too mild, and too little susceptible, to be attracted by the brilliancy of Hortense. The first marriages, at all events, of all the Bonapartes, were honest love-matches. Louis struggled hard to escape an engagement which, he was convinced, would fail to secure happiness for either of the contracting parties. Those parties, however, were under influences which they could not withstand; and, without affection on either side, Hortense and Louis were married in the year 1802. Never was a marriage more insisted on by one side, and resisted by the other, than this. It was urged by Josephine and Napoleon, as if the existence of the empire depended thereon. And it proved to be a marriage of the highest interest to the empire. Of the three sons born of it, the survivor is he who suppressed a second republic, honestly confessed himself to be a *parvenu*, was elected Emperor, and formed the Anglo-French alliance. Such an alliance had not been known in France since Athelstan sent a fleet in aid of Louis d'Outre Mer. When the crown of Holland was pressed upon Louis Bonaparte, he resisted the offer as warmly as he had withstood the project to unite him with Hortense. He was then smitten with paralysis, and racked with rheumatism. He may be said to have been carried to the new throne, rather than to have ascended it. Nevertheless he acted with energy and honesty. When Joseph mounted the Spanish throne, he told his new subjects that although he must remain a Frenchman by patriotism, he would always be found a Spaniard by religion. Louis was more satisfactorily explicit in Holland. "Henceforth," he said, "I am in all things a true Dutchman." The assertion was not idly made, for Louis struggled to preserve the rights of his subjects and their commercial prosperity against a policy destructive of both. The struggle was ineffectual. He was only the lieutenant of his brother. Scorning to be that, while he bore the name of king, Louis descended from the throne in 1810; and Napoleon annexed Holland to the empire of France. The ex-king left Harlem in strict privacy. For some years after there might be seen at various German "baths" an invalid of mild, yet not melancholy aspect, affable in his manners, and of extreme simplicity in his way of life. This was Louis, Count of St. Leu, whose consort resided in Paris, with the courtesy title of "queen." His residence was for some time at Gratz, in Styria. He refused all pecuniary aid offered him by Napoleon, but repaired to Paris to welcome him, after the Emperor had landed in France from Elba. Subsequent to the second downfall of the empire, the Count de St. Leu obtained the Papal permission to reside in Rome. Thirty-two years were spent by him almost entirely in Italy; and the routine of his life there may be told in as many lines. His days were devoted to pursuits which became a country gentleman of cultivated intellect and declining health. His principal enjoyment was derived from literature, in which the ex-king himself took a respectable position. He was visited by his sons, but took no part in the aspiring views of any; yet he evinced his paternal sympathy after the "affair of Boulogne" deprived one of these sons of his liberty. Louis died at Leghorn, in June of the year 1846. Three months subsequently his body was interred at St. Leu. The liberality of the government of Louis Philippe allowed of the reunion of the exiled family around the grave of the honest ex-king. Within two years the

condition of the families strangely reversed. Louis XVIII had made the wife of Louis, ex-king of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu, for which honor the ex-queen of Hortense thanked him in person. After the "Hundred Days," the duchess retired to Switzerland, where her son, Louis Napoleon, became, for a time, an artillery officer of the Swiss Confederation.

MAGNANIMITY.—When Augustus, king of Poland, was dethroned by Charles XII, of Sweden, the question was, who should succeed him. King Sobieski had left three sons, James, Constantine, and Alexander. The two elder being detained prisoners in Saxony, neither of them could be proposed in the diet for election. Alexander, the youngest, warmly supplicated the king of Sweden to deliver his brothers from prison. Charles not only promised him this favor, but offered to make him king of Poland. To the surprise of the world, Alexander modestly declined the offer. "I could never bear," he said, "to see my elder brothers reduced to be my subjects!" Rochefoucault says that "magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name; yet we may say of it, that it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause." But this writer of maxims had too small a soul to enable him to define this exalted virtue. When a proposition was made to Tamerlane to exterminate a pagan tribe, he replied: "I make war only against my enemies; God is capable of knowing and punishing his." Of a similar character was the conduct of Cæsar, who, having found a collection of letters, written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading them,—*"For,"* said he, *"though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove the cause."* Another instance is related of Antigonus, king of Syria, who, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent: *"Do me the favor,"* said he, opening the tent, *"to remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."* The following, though of a different character, evinces equal greatness of mind. In 1478, the sovereign of Castile sent an ambassador to demand tribute from the Moorish king, Muley Abou Hassan. When the message was delivered, the following haughty answer was given:—"Tell your sovereign," said the Moor, "that the kings of Grenada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint, at present, coins nothing but blades of scimitars and heads of lances." Notwithstanding this extraordinary production of his mint, Muley lost both his crown and kingdom in 1492, to Ferdinand, who appropriated both in lieu of tribute. In Scott's "Notes," it is related that Malcolm III, of Scotland, having received information that one of his nobles had conceived a design against his life, he enjoined the strictest silence to the informer, and took no notice of it himself, till the person accused of this execrable treason came to his court in order to execute his intention. The next morning he went to hunt with some of his courtiers, and when they had got into the depths of the forest, he drew that nobleman away from the rest of the company, and spoke thus to him: "Behold! we are here alone, armed and mounted alike. No one sees or hears us or can give either of us aid against the other. If, then, you are a brave man, if you have courage and spirit, perform your purpose, accomplish the promise you have made to my enemies. If you think I ought to be killed, when can you do it better? When more opportunely? When more manfully? Have you prepared poison for me? That is a womanish treason. Or would you murder me in my bed? Or have you hid a dagger to stab me secretly? That is the deed of a ruffian. Rather act like a soldier; act like a man, and fight me hand to hand, that your treason may at least be free from baseness." At these words the traitor, as if struck with a thunderbolt, fell at the king's feet, and implored his pardon.

VARNISH FOR RUSTIC GARDEN SEATS.—First wash the wood-work with soap and water, and when dry do it over, on a hot sunny day, with common boiled linseed oil; leave that to dry for a day or two, and then varnish it once or twice with what is commonly termed "hard varnish." If well done it will last for years, and will prevent any annoyance from insects.

Small and steady gains give competence with tranquillity of mind.

CANINE SAGACITY.—A pious Catholic lady, who is accustomed to attend early Mass, had her attention attracted by the singular conduct of a dog, who repeatedly met her at the corner of the street. He was not altogether a prepossessing specimen of caninity, being tawny, fox-like and scraggy, and his approaches somewhat annoying. He would follow her to the church, wagging his bushy tail, pricking up his little red ears, intelligence beaming in his eyes, and significance in every movement, sometimes catching her dress in the most soliciting manner, pulling her gently, as if he would lead her in a certain direction, and towards some unapparent object. He would remain at the church door during service, and when it was concluded, he would again put himself in company with the lady, and on her way home would repeat these singular manœuvres. When they came to the accustomed corner, and the lady was passing away towards her home, the dog would renew his solicitations with increased energy by pulling her more forcibly, moaning piteously. When he perceived that she passed on without heeding his importunities, he would walk silently away, with his head over his shoulders, and the same sad look fixed upon the lady.

This peculiar conduct having been repeated several days in succession, she finally concluded that she would follow the dog. Accordingly, yesterday morning she yielded to his solicitations; the dog led the way into an alley, where were collected in contiguous misery several wretched hovels. To one of these the dog proceeded, and putting his nose against the dilapidated door, which was kept shut by a cord and weight, pushed it open and allowed his companion to enter.

Then met her sight a spectacle which would appal the most obdurate heart. There was a scene of misery such as rarely can exist in this region of benevolence and active charity. If ever disease and poverty held a complete ascendancy, this was an instance. There was a man, some twenty-five years of age, prostrate and helpless with a malignant fever; a wife, equally weak and helpless, with a child but a few days old, and two other children, twins, aged not more than a year. They had been without fire for several days, as well as destitute of food, excepting some bones and crusts which their faithful guardian had brought home, the remnants of which were scattered about the floor. A monkey was found dead in the room.

This state of things, as might be expected, awakened the philanthropic propensities of the lady, and she immediately set about relieving the misery brought to her view by the sagacious dog. She, at the earliest possible moment, procured the unfortunate persons proper food and secured for them the services of a physician. Under her care, and that of several other benevolent ladies whom she had interested in behalf of the family, they are in a comfortable condition, and the man and woman will soon be restored to health.

These persons are unable to speak a word of English, and from the circumstance of the dead monkey on the premises, are supposed to be Italians and organ grinders.

The conduct of the dog during the whole transaction may be set down as one of the most remarkable instances of the manifestation of sagacity and instinct of that animal, to be found on record. It may well be supposed that he is a peculiar favorite with the kind-hearted ladies above referred to, and he is soon to wear on his shaggy neck a silver collar, on which is engraved a certificate of his worth.

St. Louis Leader.

TO MAKE WATER COLD WITHOUT ICE.—The following is a simple method of rendering water almost as cold as ice: "Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point." In India, and other tropical climes where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain fresh water for drinking the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

PHILOSOPHY AND CONSISTENCY.—Among all the excellent things which Mrs. Barbauld has written, and she has written many, she never penned any thing better than her essay upon the inconsistency of Human Expectations. It is full of sound philosophy. Every thing, says she, is marked at a price; our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and act not like children; when you have purchased one thing, do not repine that you possess not another, which you would not purchase. Would you be rich? Do you think that single point worth sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich; thousands have become so from the smallest beginnings by a life of toil, diligence, and attention to the minutest points of expenditure and profit. But you must sacrifice leisure, mind—and temper; you must learn to do hard, if not *unjust* things; and as for the *eclaircissement* of a delicate and ingenious spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of that as speedily as possible. You must not stop to enlarge your mind, polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one sullen beaten track, without turning to the right or left. “But,” you say, “I cannot submit to this, I feel above it.” ‘Tis well; be above such brutal drudgery then, only do not repine because you are not rich!

Is knowledge the pearl of price in your estimation? That, too, may be purchased by a steady application and long solitary hours of study and reflection. “But,” says the man of letters, “what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto on his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure in society, while I possess not the necessaries of life.” Was it for fortune, then, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and gave the years of youth to study and reflection? You have mistaken your path—and ill-spent your time and talent. “What reward have I for my labor?” What reward!—a large comprehensive soul, which ought to be purged from such gross, vulgar fears and prejudices, able alike to interpret the works of man and God, and follow his will, and correspond with the graces given you; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heavens! what other reward seek you?

But is it not a *reproach* upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean fellow, should have amassed wealth to buy half a nation? Not the least, he made himself a mean fellow for that end and object. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, perhaps his soul for it;—and do you envy his filthy bargain? Will you hang your head in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, ‘tis true, but it is because I have sought nobler things; I possess something better, I have chosen my lot, and must be content and satisfied. The most characteristic mark of a great mind, is to choose some one good object, which is important, and safe, and useful, and pursue that object through life. If we expect to purchase, we must pay *the price*.

THE ABSENT.—Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind of remembrance of the absent. Every loving word that fell from the lips of the absent is treasured with tenderness. Each kind act is recollected with affection. We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness. Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference—at length into a quiet acknowledgment of past friendship. Have we parted in silence or estrangement? This, too, wears away, and we meet again to forget the past in future communions. The sorrow is mutually borne, and tenderly consigned to the corner of our hearts devoted to the absent sharer. Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it—no event so delightful or sacred as the reunion. Have we parted by death? Ah, the affection that travels with the flown spirit to its home in the realms of light! The changed but ever increasing sacredness of the love that bound us on earth is now freed from its alloy, while the unfettered spirit hovers near, to watch over us, to bear the incense of truthful and purified affection on the wings of enduring love. Absent from sight, to the spirit ever near—no shade of earth

mingles in the holy office of a ministering angel, whose sweet influence is like the gentle dew upon the fragrant flower, which exhales a perfume unseen, but ever grateful to the perception of the inborn spirit. Absent, but not forgotten, is a sweet and touching memorial.

HINTS TO FEMALES AFTER MARRIAGE.—*By a Lady.*—As our first duties, in every sphere of life, are those to our Creator, so the first great object after marriage is to establish a regular course of religious action, without which we cannot secure our soul's salvation, nor obtain God's blessing on our establishment. Let not the young wife blush to bend her knee to the God of her youth, nor neglect the devotion used in her maidenhood. O my dear sisters, have you no more favors to ask, no more sins to atone for, no more perils to guard against, now that your lot in life is settled? What will give your character the stability and modesty of the christian matron? Religion alone. What will ennoble you in the eyes of your husband and household, but the dignified consciousness of rectitude, which invariably follows a faithful discharge of religious duties? If your husband is a good Christian, fail not to thank God for the same; you will find the sweetest moments of your existence, those that you spend together at the throne of grace. If he is not religious, your example may be the means appointed by God to enkindle his divine love in his bosom. How heavenly the task, could you thus repay your husband's affection. Be firm, then, neglect no known religious duty from shame, convenience, or any human motive; but at the same time remember, that the active life you have now entered upon, is quite incompatible with the devotion of the recluse. You have chosen your part, and must forego all lengthened meditations, retreats, and attendance at church, which would interfere with your present calling. It is humbling to reflect that when our heavenly Father is showering down his choicest blessings on our heads, we should require any inducement to attend to his service; should not our hearts, overflowing with joy, expand to the influence of all celestial things? Should we not open the hand of charity to our suffering neighbor, and let the reflection of our happiness raise his sinking heart? Should we not look on our neighbor's failings with the kindness of a sister? Should not the sick feel the sunshine of our love? but above all, should we forget the source from whence it all springs? Our marriage has not been a mere civil contract, the choicest graces of the Church have been given to us to enlighten our path, the blessings of heaven will follow the faithful discharge of our duties. Let us not wait, then, until God withdraw his countenance from us, to thank him for his favors; let us show a noble example of Catholic piety, unassuming, yet dignified; amiable, yet firm; so shall we become worthy to rear saints for heaven. Let religion be no *secondary* consideration in our establishment. Let it be seen at once that we wish to save our souls, never blushing for our faith, but making no parade of it; true virtue is grounded on humility, under its banner we are safe.

THE TEETH.—At the Dental Convention, in session lately in Boston, some of the dentists asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of defective teeth, was the use of saleratus and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread—and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts which it stated, and gave the results of some experiments which he had made by soaking sound teeth in a solution of saleratus. The teeth were destroyed in fourteen days. Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, did not believe that alkali injured teeth, but acknowledged that saleratus did. Saleratus, in his opinion, was not an alkali. Dr. Kendrick, of New Orleans, considered the great means of keeping the teeth healthy was to keep them clean.

SMITH ON DEBT.—"It must be confessed my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always say to them, 'Now, this is very provoking. Why didn't you come, yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

Happiness does not so much consist in having much to enjoy, as in the faculty to enjoy it.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—"I have now in my hand," said Edward Everett, "a gold watch, which combines embellishments and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigating further, and asking what is the spring by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, embellishments, but toys, is not of gold, (that is not sufficiently good,) nor of brass, (that would not do,) but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal—and this watch an emblem of society! Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirit of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron mainsprings shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disorderly, broke, or wants winding up, symbolizes the laboring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the pay of wages, and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society as the iron mainspring is to the watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other."

The political and industrial rights and privileges of the laboring classes should not be lost sight of by the legislature. Educate and develop them, and they, in return, will bring iron out of the mountains in greater abundance; will, by their superior intelligence, invent machinery, by which most of the labor of life may be performed; "make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before;" and thus, as in all other things, set the world ahead. The locomotive, steam-engine, telegraph, printing-press, sewing-machines, mowers, reapers, seed-planters, harvesters, and so forth, will continue to be invented and improved just in proportion to the education and development of our people, and especially of the working classes.

WHO BUILT BALBEC.—Lamartine has the following speculation in reply to this question: "It is alleged that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been found. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the Tomb of Noah, mark this spot as the dwelling place of the patriarch. The first generation of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and the strength assigned to man, before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the properties of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of 100,000 men could now scarcely shake? Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are 62 feet long, 20 broad, and 15 thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed 18 feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice.

HOW TO GET RID OF FLIES.—A French paper, the *Courier du Havre*, in alluding to a plan lately suggested for driving away flies, (the use of laurel oil), states that no flies will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up. The *Courier de Lyon*, in referring to the same subject, says: "It is a curious fact that although the butchers' shops at Geneva are all open, and an immense number of flies may be seen on the outside wall, not one comes inside." This is caused by the inner wall being rubbed with laurel oil, which is an effectual preventive against the intrusion of these troublesome insects. The same oil is also used with success in preventing the flies from spoiling the gilt frames of looking-glasses and pictures.

RULES FOR TRAINING CHILDREN.—We earnestly commend the following rules, for their brevity and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and of being placed in every household. It is painful to contemplate the lamentable consequences that follow from their neglect. Let parents read them and reduce them to practice:

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness and gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them any thing unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recital with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, or an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules are reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented. It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—Now that all eyes are turned toward British India, a brief historical notice of the gigantic corporation that controls the destinies of so many millions of people in that far-distant country, will be interesting. We clip the following from the Canadian *Merchants' Magazine*:

Two hundred and fifty-three years ago, some traders in London united together to raise a capital of £30,000, wherewith to trade to the East Indies. They obtained a charter, under which the management of their affairs was entrusted to a committee of twenty-four of their members, chosen by themselves. In 1624 authority was granted to the company by the king to punish its servants abroad, either by civil or military law. In 1661 a new charter was granted, by which the company was allowed to make peace or war with or against people or princes, not Christians, and to seize all unlicensed persons, and send them to England. Other parties attempted to get into the trade by bribing the various governments of the day; at one time when the old company offered to loan the government £700,000 at four per cent., their rivals offered £2,000,000 at eight per cent. In 1708 the rival companies united, and by a loan of £1,200,000 to the government, without interest, purchased further privileges, which have been the basis of their subsequent charters. In 1784 a new feature was introduced into the system—that of the Board of Control, by which, in effect, the political power (though under the name of the government) was vested in the directors. In 1813 the trade to India was thrown open, and in 1833 the trade to China was not only made free, but the company was precluded from commercial operations; and thus we find that the functions for which it was originally organized ceased altogether, and by a combination of circumstances, it had gradually assumed others of a most anomalous description; when, in 1853, a committee of twenty-four private gentlemen were absolute sovereigns of one hundred millions of people.

THE WELL STORY.—Some years since an eccentric old genius, called Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going out to his work, that the well had completely caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having that desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence, near the mouth of the well, having first left his coat and hat upon the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided first to eat breakfast, and then to send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was to be said, and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that "it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter when he was so effectually buried," and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife thought that, as "he had left his hat and coat, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, then he quietly departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for about three weeks he suddenly reappeared at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the well, without hat or coat. After recovering from their amazement at his unexpected appearance, for they had considered him dead, the farmer and his neighbors began to overload him with questions concerning his adventures. Barnes at length very gravely informed them that having waited some time for them to dig him out, and having heard them come to the exceedingly charitable conclusion, to let him remain where he was, he commenced to dig himself out; and after three weeks hard labor, had succeeded in the arduous undertaking. They asked no more questions.

IVY ON BUILDINGS.—It is a mistaken idea that ivy renders a structure damp and hastens its decay. On the contrary, nothing so effectually keeps the building, as may be seen by examining beneath the ivy after a rain, where it will be found that the walls are dry, though all around is deluged with wet. Its exuberant and web-like roots, issuing as they do from every portion of the branches on which it grows, binds every thing together that comes within their reach, with such a firm and intricate lace-work, that not a single stone can be removed from its position without first tearing away its protecting safeguard. In proof of this, we refer to the ruins of ancient castles and buildings; for while in those parts of the structure that have not the advantage of this protection, all have gone to utter decay, where the ivy has thrown its preserving mantle, every thing is comparatively fresh and perfect, and oftentimes the very angles of the sculptured stone are found to be almost as sharp and entire as when they first came from the hands of the builder.—*American Agriculturist*.

"Husband, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I am sure." "No, my dear—for I don't perceive that you have lost any."

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. LECTURES ON THE EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY. By M. J. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Louisville. Louisville: Webb & Levering. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The present is the second edition of these admirable Lectures. They were delivered a few years ago by the Right Rev. Prelate in the cathedral of Louisville, and are intended to establish the important fact, that the evidences which sustain Catholicity are identically the same as those which establish Christianity itself. Catholicity and Christianity, as the learned author well observes, were the same during the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era, and to the candid and sincere, it is manifest that this identity still exists and will continue to the end of time. A volume which elucidates these facts, giving proofs, that cannot be called in question, is to the Catholic in a community like that in which we live, a treasure worth its weight in gold. A book that not only instructs Catholics, but at the same time leads our non-Catholic fellow-citizens to read, to reflect, to doubt, is indeed the book, which of all others, is adapted to the wants of our country and our age—and such is the book before us. It is addressed to the intelligence of the American people, and elicits their inquiry into the Catholic doctrine, and invites them to investigate the claims of Catholicity to the universal homage of mankind.

"The Catholic Church," observes the distinguished author, "which for eighteen centuries has nobly battled all forms of error, and which has consistently sustained Christianity amidst all the vicissitudes of human affairs, has surely a right to have her claims diligently investigated by every lover of truth, especially by those who have been taught from childhood to protest against her doctrines and institutions. She knows no concealment; she courts inquiry, and is willing to abide its result. All that she asks is that her principles should be correctly represented, and her claims to be the true Church of Christ be fairly and impartially weighed. She demands no more than this, and surely she could not ask less."

The work is marked by that clearness of style, force of argument and depth of research, which in a special manner distinguishes all the writings of the Rt. Rev. author.

2. MARGARET DANVERS: or the Bayadère. By the Author of "*Mount St. Lawrence*." London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book comes to us without preface, table of contents, or any thing else to indicate its bearing, or to give us a hint as to the object of the author in writing it. To arrive at this, we would be compelled to read, and read attentively, its four hundred and twenty-eight closely printed pages,—a task which we confess we have not been able to accomplish. It is a love story, and like most of its class, begins with courtship and ends with marriage. This is about all we know of the book. True we took an occasional glance at a few of its pages, and were not displeased with the manner in which Margaret and her lover carried on the "affair." It may find readers, if its length does not deter them from undertaking the task.

3. RELATION DE CE QUI S'EST PASSE DANS LA MISSION DE L'IMMACULEE CONCEPTION, au pays des Illinois, depuis le mois de Mars 1693, jusqu'en Fevrier 1694. Par le R. Père Jacques Gravier de la Compagnie de Jésus. A Manate De la presse Cramoisy de Jeann-Mari Shea.

Father Gravier, the author of the present little work, was one of the first Illinois missionaries, and labored on the banks of the Illinois from 1687 to about 1706, chiefly at Kaskaskia, not the present town, but a previous one of the same name near Peoria. He had many struggles with the medicine-men who provoked the people to violence, and in 1706 Father Gravier received a wound from the effects of which he died. The present volume contains an account of his mission from March 1693 to February 1694, and possesses great interest. The chieftain's daughter was a Christian and wished to lead a life of virginity: her pagan parents wished her to marry a Frenchman every way unworthy of her. On her refusal they turned upon the missionary and excited against

him a spirit of hostility; the chapel was deserted, the sachems forbid the people to enter. At last Mary yielded on the promise of her parents that they would hearken to the missionary and embrace Christianity. The picture drawn of this good Indian girl, her conquest of her husband to a life of Christian regularity, of her parents to the faith, her zeal in instructing all, give a most pleasing effect to the simple narrative.

4. **THE JEWELS AND DIAMOND RING.** By Canon Schmid; and, **THE HOP BLOSSOMS, and THE GRAY FISH,** by the same author. Philadelphia: H. McGrath. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These neat little volumes form the 5th and 6th numbers of the Parochial and Sunday School Library. The simple announcement that they are reprints from the excellent Tales of Canon Schmid, is sufficient to commend them to Catholic patronage.

5. **THE COLUMBIAN SPELLING-BOOK.** By Joseph B. Tully. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book aims at too much. Instead of being a simple medium of initiating the young into a knowledge of English Orthography, as its name implies, it is quite a respectable treatise on the philosophy of the English language, combining the erudite dissertations of Blair, the learning of Walker, and the rules of Murray, with the simple elements of Comly. We do not say this in disparagement of the Spelling Book. On the contrary, it is a work of much merit, and we believe an excellent work to be put into the hands of those who have already mastered the difficulties of Comly, and who have a pretty familiar acquaintance with English Grammar. But where is the teacher in this age of progressiveness, who will think of turning his pupils back from the grammar and rhetoric to the spelling-book? This can hardly be expected. Hence we believe that much of the intrinsic worth of Mr. Tully's book will be lost, on account of its name. We hope this may not be the case, for we care very little about names provided the thing be good; but all are not so easily pleased.

RECEIVED.—The Dublin Review for October has been received. It will be noticed at length in our next number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The house of Spithöver at Rome is about to publish an edition of the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, the oldest manuscript of the New Testament. The preparation of this work occupied several of the latter years of the life of Cardinal Mai.

We also find announced as published at Milan a new work by the learned and eloquent Bishop Malou of Ghent, entitled, "*La fausseté du Protestantisme.*" This is a class of controversial works which Dr. Brownson has remarked we need. Most of our controversial books are defences of Catholicity against Protestant assaults, while there are few comparatively designed to attack the frail fabric of Protestantism.

A volume of Lacordaire's Conferences at Toulouse has appeared, including some of his minor treatises.

Monseigneur Angebault, Bishop of Angers has added to ascetical literature by his *Lettres sur la vie religieuse à l'usage des sœurs vouées à l'enseignement de jeune filles*, a work which will henceforward be a manual for all sisterhoods devoted to instruction.

In archeology we are pleased to see Malégué's *Album photographiques d'archéologie religieuse*, and a work on all the finest churches in the world by the abbé Bourasse, *Canon of Tours*, already known as an archeologist.

Vives has begun a new edition of Cornelius à Lapide, printed in the most beautiful style, from clear type on good paper, and superintended by a careful editor to guarantee it from all typographical error. A French translation of Perrone's dogmatic theology is also announced, a sad proof it would seem, that Latin is ceasing to be the language of theology in France.

Father Gagarin, of the Society of Jesus, has published *A letter to a Russian Lady on the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*, which is regarded by French critics as a masterpiece of eloquent and beautiful language, rarely attained in a purely scientific discussion.

Bious, whose treatises on Canon law have been reprinted in Germany and adopted in Rome, has just published another volume, *De jure regularium*—the Canon law as bearing on the Regular orders.

Father Faber's Works.—Few authors in our day have acquired so distinguished a reputation as Father Faber. His works are every where read, and every where admired. In England, the home of the author, it would seem that the old trite saying, "a prophet is not without praise except in his own country," does not hold good in regard to the illustrious Oratorian, and his writings. The September number of the *Liverpool Catholic Institute Magazine*, speaks of his works in the following terms:

"It is no slight proof of the correctness of Father Faber's system to find that beyond all question he creates a sensation and a movement among the people, and among all classes of the people. The Oratorian services are thronged, and the earliest masses and the latest confessionals are alike peopled. The works of Father Faber are found where Catholic works never made their way before. You find the blue cover of 'All for Jesus' on every drawing room table, at the desk of the missionary priest, in the enclosed convent. We have seen it on the shelf of a confectioner's shop; it is known in the workman's cottage. No Young Men's Society is without it. And it is a very suggestive fact, that in one of our principal ecclesiastical seminaries, whose president is much looked up to as a skilled master in spiritual things, there were no fewer than two hundred copies of this work to be found."

AMERICAN.—Since our last there have been few announcements from American Catholic publishers. The terrible financial crisis which we have reached, has caused a suspension in that as in every other department of industry. Cunningham has published another volume in his series of lives of sainted women, the *Life of St. Angela Merici*, foundress of the Ursulines. It is translated by Mr. John G. Shea, who adds a sketch of the order in this country that will not be new to the readers of the *Metro-politan*, as it has in substance appeared in previous numbers.

The Messrs. Sadlier have announced an American edition of Maguire's new book on Rome, so highly extolled by Cardinal Wiseman.

The Relations.—As is now so well known, the early Catholic missionaries of Canada who burned with an ardent desire of gaining to the Church the souls of the Indians of America, established missions far and wide, in the heart of Canada, on the coast of Maine, amid the lakes of New York, in Upper Canada, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and the whole valley of the Mississippi. At least once a year each missionary sent to his superior at Quebec an account of his labors, and from these the superior made up a small volume which he transmitted to France. There these volumes now generally called the *Relations* were published from 1632 to 1672, forming a rare and now valuable series of about forty volumes. Several manuscripts still remain scattered in various parts, some in private hands, some in public institutions, which were intended to form subsequent *Relations*. These are gradually disappearing. Carelessness on the part of those in whose hands they are, ignorance of their value, indifference to our history, have caused the loss of many. We recently saw in a Massachusetts periodical the account of a manuscript relative to the history of a mission in California, which had been given to the writer of the account by the missionary, who thus handed over to a stranger the very history of his heroic predecessors, rendering it in all probability impossible ever to trace the chronicle of their labors. A document of the old French missions in Indiana was given to a society in New York: the society has dissolved; the precious manuscript is in the hands of some private individual, and the historian of the diocese of Vincennes can only mourn over its loss.

Mr. John Gilmary Shea, whose researches in this department are well known, is now endeavoring to save these manuscripts from being lost. He has collected many, and is now engaged in publishing them after the exact manner of the old *Relations*. They were issued by the famous printer Cramoisy of Paris. Mr. Shea adopts the name, the cypher, the vignettes, initials, tailpieces, the very type used by Cramoisy, and gives the manuscript as it exists, with its old careless orthography, often irregular sentences jotted down from time to time in a moment of leisure. As there are few comparatively who take any interest in the early history of our Church, Mr. Shea prints only one hundred copies of each work, and issues them by subscription.

EDITORS' TABLE.

NOVEMBER! No month in the year is fraught with so many salutary reflections, as that which closes the autumnal season. The face of nature undergoes a change. The beauty of the landscape fades; the freshness and verdure of the fields disappear; the seared and yellow leaves scattered by the chilling blast, fall and decay; reminding man that he too is shortly to undergo a change; recalling to his memory, that the vigor and freshness of youth are speedily followed by the feebleness of age; and that he like the autumn leaves shall fall, and pass forgotten to the tomb.

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields,
And whistles through the withered grass;
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chiller as they pass.
Thus human hearts grow chill with years;
Thus human joys are dimmed with tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in autumn leaves."

Yes, truly sad and salutary is the lesson taught to man by the change that nature undergoes at this season. He "reads his fate," in this change. He reads a sublime lesson in the "autumn leaves."

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither, die and pass away;
And mournfully my fancy weaves
Though pen cannot transcribe the lay:
Soon, soon alike the winter cloud,
Will spread for them and us the shroud,
And blessed is he whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves."

May it be the lot of our readers to profit by this lesson, and grow wiser and better by the contemplation of the passing changes of the season.

THE GRAVEYARD.—How many thoughts of sorrow and of hope are awakened, especially in the heart of the Catholic, by the mention of the word "graveyard." Who among us that has not ties, which bind him to the lone habitation of the departed? Who that has not a fond parent, or a beloved child, a brother, sister, or devoted friend numbered among those who inhabit the silent city of the dead? Who that does love not by-times to wander among the tombs, and gather lessons of instruction from the contemplation of man's final resting-place, where all his earthly projects must end—the grave! And what place better adapted for serious and thoughtful meditation? Go there when you will, you may enjoy your thoughts alone. There are none to interrupt you. The children of the world, the votaries of pleasure and fashion seldom intrude within the graveyard. To them the sound is grating to the ear; it brings to their memories sad and mournful thoughts,—it is the goal which terminates all their joys, their follies and their crimes. The graveyard teaches many salutary lessons. Let us, gentle reader, enter it and make a passing meditation. There are many whose remains lie here, who are dear to us! Many whose names still bring forth a sigh and start the filial tear. Nothing could reconcile us to their parting, but a dutiful resignation to the will of our heavenly Father, and the hope of meeting them in that happy country where parting will be no more. The poet has truly said:

"... when our friends we lose,
Our altered feelings alter to our views;
Virtues neglected, then adorned become,
And graces slighted blossom in the tomb!"

Here we are reminded of the end of human greatness. Here we are admonished that man's days are numbered; that every moment brings him one step nearer to the goal of his existence. There upon an humble brown stone just rearing itself above the tall withered grass, we read these truthful words:

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall
The ax will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all."

Yes, soon shall the voice of the angel of death be heard even by the youngest of the present generation that now inhabits the globe. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest; and the mightiest monarch on his throne has not a stronger hold on life, than the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear like footprints upon the sandy beach:

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat
Each trace shall vanish from the sand."

Here upon an elevated marble are inscribed the following words from the Inspired Volume—words that should live in the memory and form the daily meditation of every member of the human family:

"Remember, man, that thou art dust,
And unto dust thou shalt return."

But there are other thoughts that rise spontaneously in the mind, on entering a Catholic graveyard, than those which remind us of our origin, and the brief period of our existence in this world of care and sorrow. The Cross, the bright emblem of man's redemption, which rises over the grave or is inscribed on the marble which piety has erected, bids us hope that the souls of those our friends, whose remains lie there interred, have found mercy and pardon from Him, who bled and died on that Cross, on the hill of Calvary. Those heaven-inspired words: *May he rest in peace*, which convey to the mind sentiments and impressions that none but a Catholic can feel, remind us of the duty of charity which we owe to our brethren who are separated from us by the veil of the tomb, and invite us to offer a prayer for the repose of their souls! Gentle reader, let us discharge this duty; and thus let our visits to the graves of our departed friends be alike profitable to them and ourselves!

SONNET ON IDLENESS.—Our esteemed friend *Fidelia*, whose favors are always welcome, sends us the following out-pouring of his poetic mind. None but a poet would have dared to select so delicate a theme. Henceforth we must confess, that beauty may be manufactured from the most deformed object, and that poetry, exquisite, delicate poetry, may be drawn from any subject, even the most unpoetical.

IDLENESS. — (A SONNET.)

Woe to the soul whose zeal forgets to burn!
And lies ungirt and idle on the way:
That is the hour the fiend attacks his prey,
And if he takes not, leaves it stained and torn.
For passion, with its scorpion-whip of fire,
Then unimpeded leaps along the veins
Consuming all of virtue that remains,
Drowning the spirit in confused desire
Whose smoke ascends and blurs the face of heaven.
Better to toil like slave beneath the rod,
And sink outworn to sinless sleep at even
Than bear a heart that throbs—and not for God;
For sighs and bitter tears must yet be given
Before that soul can rise beneath her load.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From September 20th to October 20th, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—The return of the Holy Father to Rome, after an absence of several months in visiting various parts of his dominions, took place on the 5th of September, at 5 o'clock in the evening. His reception was attended by every demonstration of respect. Three triumphal arches were erected, under which he passed. All the Corso and Santa Papale were gorgeously decorated. The Piazza del Popolo, and all the streets were lined with the population; and when he arrived at St. Peter's, all the Sacred College were there to receive him. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed at the high altar, and Cardinal Mattei intoned the "Te Deum," which was sung with great feeling by all present; after which he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and when the ceremony was concluded, the Holy Father returned to his apartments in the Vatican, where all his Court was assembled to compliment him on the happy conclusion of his long peregrination. For three successive nights the whole city was magnificently illuminated; and St. Peter's twice. Nothing could exceed the joy of the people in having the Holy Father once more among them.

The statue recently erected in honor of the Immaculate Conception, was inaugurated by His Holiness, attended by a large number of cardinals and clergy, and in the presence of a vast concourse of persons on the 8th of September.—In consequence of the reduction of the Austrian troops in the Roman states, the reconstruction of the Papal army is being rapidly proceeded with.

Late advices from the Eternal City, are favorable to the arrangement of the pending difficulty between Mexico and the Holy See. In respect both of Spain and Mexico the Papal Government has shown a wise and prudent spirit of conciliation, which it appears likely will also be extended to Piedmont. Although nothing has been as yet finally concluded, Senor Montes, the Mexican Plenipotentiary at Rome, has obtained the assurance that the sales of Church property and suppression of convents already effected should be recognized. The condition on which the Holy See makes these concessions are not such as seem likely to impede the conclusion of the Concordat. Rome requires that the clergy should have the right of suffrage, and be eligible to office, and be allowed to acquire and hold property hereafter.—Measures are in progress for the beatification of the Venerable John Sarcander, formerly curate of Holleschan in Moravia. He was horribly tortured during several weeks by the Utraquistes, and died a martyr, the 17th of March, 1620, because he refused to rebels the confession of De Lobkowitz, governor of Moravia, whom they had expelled. The life of the martyr was published last year, at Macerata, in the Pontifical States.

The Sovereign Pontiff to testify his satisfaction at the reception he met with in his visit to Tuscany, was pleased to make numerous presents of chalices and vestments to several churches of that city; besides large sums of money for the support of religious institutions and for charitable purposes.

As an evidence of the exertions which are made in behalf of the highest order in the Pontifical State, we transcribe the following statement, translated from a Tuscan paper: "The Universities of the Pontifical States have been attended during the year 1856-7 by 1,696 students, of whom 42 followed courses of theology, 531 studied medicine and surgery, 23 were occupied in philology, 66 studied pharmacy, 13 followed courses of veterinary surgery, 14 attended lectures on obstetricity, 5 were applying themselves to law studies, and 4 were devoting themselves to agricultural studies. The Roman University has had, during the scholastic year, 821 students, of whom 373 frequent the

law schools, 205 the schools of medicine and surgery, and 167 the schools of philosophy and mathematics. The University of Bologna has had 511 students, of whom 113 followed the study of law, 257 medicine and surgery, and 64 philosophy and mathematics. From whence it results that at Bologna medical students are proportionally more numerous than at Rome. The number of students who in the Pontifical States frequent the theological studies appear few, but this is to be explained by the fact that in Rome there are the Gregorian University, the Roman Seminary, and the Urban College of the Propaganda, where theology is taught, and whence the students can obtain academical honors the same as at the University. The Gregorian or Roman College has numbered, during the scholastic year 1856-7, as many as 240 theological students."

SARDINIA.—*The suppression of a Monastery.*—This unhappy country continues to give doleful evidences of the anti-religious spirit of those who direct the government. On the 10th of August the venerable monastery of Clarisse, at Cuneo in Piedmont, after an existence of five hundred years, was finally suppressed by the government. The particulars of this affair we take from our foreign file: "The Nuns refused to admit the satellites of arbitrary power, who valiantly entered by making a breach in the wall. The officers found them all assembled in the church, praying and chanting before the Blessed Sacrament, which was solemnly exposed. By a singular coincidence, just as the officers entered, they were singing that passage of holy David 'Ne tradit bestiis,' &c. 'Give not over to wild beasts the souls of those who confess to Thee.' They were urged to finish their prayers and leave the church, but they paid no attention to such requests. When after repeated intimations, the lady abbess rose from her knees, and with a firm voice protested—in her own name and that of her sisters, in the name of all laws ecclesiastical and civil, in the name of those laws especially of Piedmont, under protection of which they had embraced the religious life of their own accord—against the violation of their cloister, and the violent injustice by which they were driven from their own abode, and despoiled of their inalienable rights of property. She ended with a prayer that God would not visit in his anger, the city where such an excess had been committed. They then resigned their home to the spoiler, and left to seek some other shelter. With refined cruelty the authorities had selected the time of night, (three hours before midnight) for the commission of this outrage."

The Capuchins of Our Lady of Consolation have also received notice to surrender their monastery before the end of August.

An edifying recantation.—For many years there resided in Piedmont the well known Monsignor Carlo Gazola, a bishop who, after having entered into a conflict with the pontificate, quit the city of Rome and went into retirement in Piedmont. Recently, touched by the grace of God, he repented of his deeds; he has betaken himself to Mondovì, to the house of the brethren of the Mission, where, after some months of retirement and prayer, he made the solemn recantation of his errors, and sent it to the *Gazette di Bologna*, that it might be first printed in the city where the Holy Father was sojourning. Monsignor Gazola concludes his retraction, which bears date from Mondovì, 28th June, with the following words:—"I promise to submit myself to all those provisions which his Holiness shall make in reference to me."

SPAIN.—Rumor of a change of ministers has been prevalent for some time. Marshal Narvaez, who is at the head of the government, has been on the eve of resigning with the rest of the ministry, in consequence of the retention by the queen in her household of certain persons who are opposed to the administration, and use their influence to thwart the measures of the ministry. The Cortes is to meet in the middle of October. The queen's mother will not, as was thought, return to Spain this season. The Spanish papers give an account of a visit paid by the queen to the churches of St. Sebastian, St. Mary, and St. Isabella in Madrid, on which occasion she ordered 10,000 reals to be given to each of the two first named and 6,000 to the last, to be distributed among the poor of their respective parishes, and an additional sum of 4,000 reals to the nuns of St. Isabella. Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Asturias, having accompanied the

holy viaticum at night to the house of a poor person who was sick in the street De la Independencia, ordered 2,000 reals to be given to him. This generous and pious act drew down the blessings of the immense multitude that surrounded her as she followed, on foot, the carriage in which was borne the King of Heaven.—The difficulty with Mexico remains yet unsettled.

FRANCE.—The camp at Chalons continues to keep alive some little excitement of which the French people are so fond. The camp has been visited by many persons of distinction; among them His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The English prince was received with every mark of respect. A grand review and manœuvring took place in his honor. The Emperor went to Stuttgart about the middle of September, to meet Alexander the Emperor of Russia. Their meeting has given rise to much speculation, but nothing is known of the object of the imperial conference.—The court of assizes passed sentence on Ledru Rollin, Massarenti, and Campanella, who are accused of having, in complicity with Tibaldi, Grilli, and Bartolotti, already condemned, formed a plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French, but who have not surrendered to take their trial. The court declared that "a resolution had been agreed to and concerted between Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Campanella, Massarenti, Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli, to attempt to kill the emperor—which resolution had been followed by an act calculated to prepare its execution—whereby the crime of forming a plot (*crime de complot*), punished by Art. 89 of the Penal Code, had been committed." It, therefore, condemned Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Campanella, and Massarenti, all four absent, to deportation.—The Emperor of the French has sent \$5,000 a personal subscription, in aid of the English sufferers in India; and the officers of the Imperial Guard have subscribed \$2,000 for the same purpose.

ENGLAND.—The topic that absorbs all others at present in England is the insurrection in India. The latest accounts from that disturbed region leave little room for rejoicing on the part of her Britannic Majesty's government. A gloom indeed hangs over the British possessions in India. The correspondent of one of our exchanges, writing from London under date of October 3d, gives the following graphic account of the state of things in India: General Havelock, whose successes were so loudly trumpeted forth has seen the end of his triumphs, and is now surrounded and in a most critical position, while ill-fated Lucknow is left to the mercy of the insurgents; the garrison can no longer hope for relief. The revolutionary spirit was spreading through the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, and disarming was going on wherever it was practicable. The men of Madras recognized those of Bengal as "brothers," the revolt could no longer by any means be represented as merely military, and the whole country from one end to the other was disaffected. Delhi still held out, but reinforcements were received, and a rumor—for it can be nothing else—was in circulation that the King of Delhi had offered to capitulate on condition of having thirty-six lacs of rupees annually instead of fifteen, insured to him and his descendants. The proposal, says the rumor, was peremptorily refused. The insurgents were concentrating the majority of their force in Oude. The inhabitants of the province, the Cawnpore insurgents, and the forces of the ex-king were said to be united under Nena Saheb. The 33d regiment from the Mauritius, and some artillery from Bushire, were to remain in Bombay until the celebration of the Mohurrum or Mussulman New Year should have terminated. Much apprehension was felt at the approach of this festival, and the English in Calcutta, had set apart a day of humiliation and prayer in view of the present and future disasters. The entire province of Bengal seems to be in favor of excitement, and the rising at Dinapore had been followed by others in various parts of the Presidency. The European inhabitants of several stations were flying to Calcutta, and the city was thronged with trembling fugitives from all parts of Bengal. A general rising of the Mahomedans was looked upon as inevitable at Calcutta, and preparations were being made to suppress it. It was currently reported in Calcutta that the Government intended issuing orders for the compulsory enrolment of all the Christian inhabitants as

a militia force. Sir Colin Campbell had arrived at Calcutta. Statements were current that the country people were beginning to rise, and were pursuing and murdering the English. Trade was at a stand-still, and coin was growing wonderfully scarce. The Rajah of Sealkote has unfurled the banner of revolt at the head of 20,000 men in the South Mahratta country.

A day of humiliation and prayer has been appointed by royal proclamation throughout Great Britain and Ireland, to avert the danger that threatens her army and possessions in India. Cardinal Wiseman addressed a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese, directing that the first Sunday of October should be observed for this purpose. The queen and her consort, with the royal family, were at Balmoral, participating in every kind of enjoyment as freely as if there were nothing going on in India to cause the slightest alarm.

A new Catholic church has been recently completed at the town of Alston, near Preston, and dedicated to Our Lady and St. Michael. It was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

IRELAND.—The riots occasioned by the open air preaching at Belfast have resulted in that city being "proclaimed," and at the latest dates it was under martial law. A commission has been specially appointed to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. It may be remembered that these riots were occasioned by the Rev. Mr. Hanna and other Protestant clergymen preaching in the open streets, and using language the most insulting to the Catholic inhabitants. The proclamation does not formally forbid street preaching, but simply tells the loyal subjects of Her Majesty in the city of Belfast, "to abstain in future from assembling in numbers in the streets and thoroughfares, otherwise the police will be ordered to disperse them." That is, the preaching may go on, but the people will not be permitted to assemble to hear it. The Rev. gentlemen whose conduct brought about this state of things, took the hint, and prudently waived their right to "the great principle of open air preaching." It is believed that this course, on the part of the government, has been adopted on account of the Catholic inhabitants arming themselves to protect their persons and their property from wanton assaults of the orangemen. Order must be restored; but it would not suit the purposes of government to visit punishment on those who were really the instigators of the outrages, but all, even the innocent, must be made to suffer with the guilty.

BELGIUM.—In Belgium order is again restored. The late disturbances occasioned by the infidel party have subsided, and tranquillity is every where restored.—On the 8th of September the corner stone of a magnificent church at Dadizele was laid by the Bishop of Bruges, in the presence of the Bishop of Ghent, Madame la Princesse de Montmorency Luxemburg and her daughter, and other distinguished personages. The church which is to be dedicated under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, will accommodate over four thousand persons.

TURKEY.—From Turkey we learn that a delay in resuming diplomatic relations with the Four Powers was occasioned by a dispute respecting the ceremony of rehoisting the flag. The Porte made no difficulty as to the French flag; but it was objected to that it was not legal to salute the French flag any more than the others. The Porte at length consented to pay the same honors to the Russian flag; but M. de Thouvenal would not admit that Sardinia and Prussia should be treated with less consideration, and insisted on a similar ceremonial for all. The Porte persisted in refusing. The matter detailed became more and more irritable; at length, in consequence, it is supposed, of orders from Paris, M. de Thouvenal signified that he should not require the salute, but that he would not accept any mark which was not granted also to his three colleagues.—Reschid Pasha has been deprived of his title of President of the Council of the Tazimar, which was given to him when he retired from the Viziriate, and he is now without any public office. The rumor is current at Constantinople that several other functionaries will be deposed, and even be sent into exile. It is asserted that the

Porte is about to change the whole political system, by which it has been hitherto guided.—The Turkish government still actively pursues its correspondence respecting the evacuation of the Island of Perim by the English, and its restitution to Turkey.

GERMANY.—Concordat with the Kingdom of Wurttemberg.—The most important event which has recently taken place in Germany, touching Catholic interests, is the Concordat lately concluded between His Holiness Pius IX, and his Majesty, William, King of Wurttemberg. The transaction assumes more than ordinary importance from the fact that this Concordat was made between a Protestant power and the Holy See, and that it was brought about at the instance of the King, who had sought the assistance of the Sovereign Pontiff in settling the ecclesiastical affairs of his kingdom. The instrument, which bears date the 8th of April last, was negotiated on the part of the Holy See by his Eminence Mgr. Von Reisach, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and on the part of the King by Baron Van Ow, his majesty's plenipotentiary at Rome. We will give the substance of the thirteen articles of this Concordat for the benefit of those of our fellow citizens, who two years ago were so indignant at what they considered the degradation of Austria by her Concordat with Rome. They will find that in the present instance, although with a Protestant power, the stipulations are substantially the same, more especially in those points regarded as most obnoxious,—the authority of the bishop over Catholic education, and the free intercourse with Rome:

Art. 1. The stipulation of the former Concordats, in respect to the provision for the maintenance of the Episcopal See of Rottemburg, are repealed, except so far as they are renewed in the present convention.

Art. 2. The Bishop before his installation is to take an oath of allegiance to the King, in a prescribed form, as follows:—"I swear and promise on the Holy Gospels, that, as becometh a Bishop, I will render true allegiance to the King's Majesty, and to his successors. Moreover I swear and promise, that I will hold no intercourse nor be of any counsel whereby the public peace may be broken. I will countenance no suspected society, and I will use my utmost endeavors to ward off any public peril that I may know to be imminent."

Art. 3. The King's Government shall be bound to fulfil the obligation, which it has always acknowledged, of providing, so soon as circumstances shall permit, a fixed endowment for the support of the bishopric.

Art. 4. The Bishop shall be at liberty to exercise all rights which belong to him in virtue of his pastoral office, especially in respect to the collation to such benefices as are not claimed by lay patrons—to the power of appointing his own vicar-general, diocesan assessors, and rural deans—of examining candidates for ordination, and for institution to benefices—of ordaining—of regulating all things relating to public worship and to the exercise of religion—of holding his Diocesan Synod, and of attending provincial councils—and lastly, of establishing, with the consent of Government, religious communities of men and of women.

Art. 5. The Bishop's Court to take cognizance of all religious matters, including matrimonial causes; these last, however, in respect of their civil effects, are to be remitted to the secular judge. The Bishop is to have full power of regulating the conduct of the clergy by the infliction of canonical punishments, with the right, however, of canonical appeal. The Bishop is permitted to inflict ecclesiastical censures on lay persons transgressing the laws of the Church. In cases involving the interests of lay patrons, the Holy See consents that the secular tribunals shall take cognizance of the rights and duties connected with lay patronage, and of disputed successions in such patronage, whether the claimants be lay or clerical persons. In consideration of the times, the Holy See permits such cases of clerics as are purely civil, to be decided before the secular tribunals. Ecclesiastical claims and liabilities may also be decided before the secular tribunals. Criminal clergymen may be punished by the secular judge, who shall, however, be bound to give immediate information to the Bishop, who shall be allowed free communication with the accused.

Art. 6. Bishops, clergy, and people shall be allowed free intercourse on ecclesiastical matters with the Holy See. All ecclesiastical instruments may be published and take effect without previous inspection or approval by the Government.

Art. 7. The Bishop shall have full control of the religious instruction of Catholics. His choice shall determine both the teachers and the books to be employed. In primary schools, instruction in religion to be given by the pastor; in other schools, by teachers approved by the Bishop, and by no others.

Art. 8. The Bishop is allowed to establish, and exclusively to direct, all ecclesiastical seminaries.

Art. 9. The Faculty of Catholic Theology in the Royal University is placed wholly under the direction of the Bishop, both as to the appointment of Professors and the choice of books.

Art. 10. The Church to have undisturbed enjoyment of such temporal goods as she possesses, but subject to the taxes and other burthens imposed by law. The canonical administration of Church property to vest in the Bishop and his deputies. The fabrics of churches and other religious foundations to be administered as heretofore accustomed. Parish Priests and Rural Deans to represent the Bishop in respect of these possessions, which shall be subject of a special understanding between the Government and the Prelate. Funds arising from the revenues in abeyance, or Government allowances to vacant cures, are to be administered by a commission composed partly of Catholic laymen appointed by the State, and presided over by the Bishop or his deputy. This fund to be applied to the augmentation of small benefices, to the support of superannuated or disabled clergymen, to providing titles for candidates for ordination, or to providing additional curates wherever needed. No part of said fund to be diverted to other than ecclesiastical uses. The said commission to render an account to government of its receipts and disbursements of the said fund. The said commission shall also have general canonical inspection, wherever required, over the administration of other benefices.

Art. 11. The Bishop shall be entitled to hold direct communication with the heads of his Majesty's government.

Art. 12. All previous acts and edicts of the State not conformable to the present Concordat are hereby abrogated.

Art. 13. Any future difficulty that may arise shall be settled by friendly conference between his Holiness the Supreme Pontiff and his Majesty the King.

The Supreme Pontiff in confirming the Concordat earnestly implores the Divine blessing on the measures now taken to settle the affairs of the Church in that part of christendom; earnestly exhorting all Catholics, both lay and clerical, to use their utmost efforts for the due observance of the regulations now agreed upon, and to omit no endeavor that the purity of Catholic doctrine, the decent splendor of Divine worship, and the brightness of ecclesiastical discipline may be maintained, that so purity of morals with Christian virtue and piety may ever more and more flourish in that realm.

AUSTRIA.—The news from Austria is meagre. The reception of the emperor by his Hungarian subjects, on the occasion of his late visit to that kingdom, is said to have been marked by every demonstration of cordial welcome. His presence was every where hailed with delight and enthusiasm. Even the English papers admit that if circumstances rendered it necessary, the Emperor Francis Joseph has but to say the word, and all Hungary would rise as one man.

A beautiful church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, will shortly be commenced at Linz. The first stone has been received from the Mount of Olives. It is a white stone, sixteen inches long and ten inches broad. A cross is cut on the top of it, with this inscription—"Lapis de Monte Sepulcri Immac. Virg. Fundamentum ejus Ecclesiae."

The Vienna papers state that the emperor had ordered, from a celebrated silk manufacturer, beautiful regimental colors bearing on one side the image of the Immaculate

Virgin standing on a globe, bruising under her feet the head of the serpent, and crowned with twelve stars. The body of the flag is of white silk. The reverse side shows the Austrian double eagle. These standards are intended for one of the infantry battalions.

PRUSSIA.—Nothing of note had transpired to the latest advices in Prussia.—A meeting of Protestant clergymen of different denominations and from various countries of Europe, was recently held in Berlin. This body styled itself the "Evangelical Alliance." The king took an active part in its proceedings.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—The Jesuit Fathers of Loyola, in this city, have recently opened a beautiful chapel for the special benefit of colored persons. It was solemnly dedicated on the 3d of October to the service of God under the patronage of the Blessed Peter Claver. It is an event most desirable and one that will be attended with the most beneficial results.—**Religious.**—On the 7th of October, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Sister Mary Mechtilde Simon and Sister Mary Ursula Sharpe made their solemn vows of religion. The Very Rev. Mr. Coskery, assisted by the Rev. Father Kunzig, officiated on the occasion.—*The Young Catholics' Friend Society of Washington.*—At a meeting of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, held on the 5th inst., the following were elected Trustees for the ensuing year: viz. for St. Patrick's church, John F. King and Hugh O'Donohue; for St. Peter's church, P. J. McHenry, Nicholas Phelan; for St. Matthew's church, George Harvey and Martin Renchan; for St. Mary's church, Peter Conlan and R. Eichorn; for St. Dominic's church, John T. Cassell and Robert Mahoney.

Ordination.—On Thursday, 17th of September, the Most Rev. Archbishop gave the rite of Tonsure to John Gloyd, Laurence Molloy, William Mahoney and Michael Joseph Collins, students in the diocesan seminary, for the diocese of Baltimore, in the chapel of St. Mary; also to William Higgins, Eugene Alphonsus Pelletier, and John Augustin Couch, for the diocese of Boston; also to Edward McCosker, for the diocese of Newark; also to Patrick McGlynn and James Hogan, for the diocese of Albany; also to Marius Tixier, for the diocese of Toronto, Upper Canada. On the same occasion he promoted to minor orders John Thomas Sullivan for the diocese of Wheeling, John Gloyd and Edward McCosker. On Friday Edward Brennan and Edward Didier, students for the diocese of Baltimore, were promoted to subdeaconship. On Saturday of ember week Edward Brennan was promoted to deaconship by the same prelate.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of Confirmation was administered by the Most Rev. Archbishop at St. Joseph's church, Baltimore county, to twelve persons, on Sept'r 13.

2. ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—The corner stone of a new church was laid in Sing Sing, New York, on the 27th of September. The increase of the Catholic population, combined with other causes, has rendered this work necessary. The church when completed will be 110 feet long, and 65 wide; the style is to be modern gothic, which will give it a very handsome appearance. The good work has been undertaken by the zealous exertions of the Rev. E. McGean, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Sing Sing. The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new building was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, who preached an eloquent sermon on that occasion. The same Most Rev. Prelate recently dedicated a new church under the patronage of St. Teresa, at Tarrytown, Westchester county, N. Y., and preached on the occasion.

3. DIOCESE OF VINCENNES.—The German Catholics of New Albany have in course of erection a new church, which when completed will be an ornament to that place: length of main building 100 feet, and including chancel and steeple 120 feet; width 54 feet; height of side walls from floors 32 feet, and in the centre 40 feet; height of steeple from the ground to the ball 135 feet. There are to be two rows of columns through the building, dividing it into three compartments. The style of architecture is the By-

zantine, and when finished the church will present a most beautiful and commanding appearance. The steeple will be the highest in the city, and will be an elegant specimen of workmanship, and present a fine appearance from all portions of the city and the river. The estimated cost of the building is between \$12,000 and \$15,000.

4. *DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—Welcome of Bishop O'Connor.*—The arrival at home of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor after a prolonged absence abroad in quest of health, was the occasion of an interesting ceremony. The Sunday after the arrival of the illustrious prelate, a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Catholics of Pittsburg was held in the lecture room of the cathedral, for the purpose of giving their beloved bishop a public welcome. Christian Ihmsen, Esq., was called to the chair, and a number of gentlemen appointed vice-presidents, with Mr. James P. Barr as secretary: a committee was appointed to wait upon the bishop and invite him to the meeting, and another committee to prepare an address on the occasion. During the absence of the committee and while the address was being prepared, John J. Mitchell, Esq., being called upon, addressed the assembly, giving a brief sketch of Bishop O'Connor's career abroad, the high regard with which he had been received—a reception to which his character and talents so justly entitled him, and spoke in feeling terms of the eminent propriety of thus giving a public expression of their regard and love for one to whose kindness they were so greatly indebted, and who, wherever he had gone, had never forgot his people. When he had concluded, the committee who had been charged with requesting the attendance of the bishop returned, and as he took his seat, the warm cheers of a hearty welcome resounded on every side. The committee appointed to prepare an address for the occasion also returned, and handed to the secretary the following brief and appropriate address, which Mr. Barr read to the bishop, who rose to listen to it.

Address to Bishop O'Connor.—"The committee appointed for that purpose in behalf of St. Paul's congregation, and others of your diocese, extend to you their heartfelt welcome on your return, and their sincere congratulations upon your improved health. Words seem inadequate to convey to you, sir, all we feel on this interesting occasion. We welcome you again to our midst, in that spirit of Christian gratitude which a sense of the goodness of God to us in preserving your faculties unimpaired, for the furtherance of His most wise purposes in our regard, would inspire.

Nine months ago you left us upon an occasion, and for a cause which inspired all those whom an all-wise Providence has placed under your spiritual direction, with fearful forebodings for the future. With health impaired by a too constant devotion to their interests—spiritual and temporal—their deep solicitude for your restoration to health was burthened with the fear that, in the inscrutability of God's wisdom, they might never again be permitted to enjoy the comforts and consolations of your holy administrations.

We all regard it, Right Rev. Sir, as another evidence of the mercy and kindness of God to us, that our beloved bishop has been permitted to return from a pilgrimage to the Eternal City and Holy Sepulchre, strengthened by the religious impressions which the associations of those revered localities of the Christian world suggest to the truly pious mind—that you are again amongst us with health restored, with a pleasant sojourn under the clear skies of Italy and in the balmy air of Palestine.

The surprise and joy which your unexpected arrival at home under these happy circumstances has filled our hearts, has moved us to this expression of our continued reverence and love, and we unite our prayers to God that He and His holy saints and angels may watch over and preserve you that your flock may long enjoy the comforts, the blessings, and the holy consolation which for so many years it has been your constant effort to impart. We welcome you as our spiritual director, we welcome you as our friend, and, above all, we welcome you as a representative of that most high power which ruleth and directeth all things well."

At the conclusion of the address the bishop thanked the meeting for this unexpected demonstration of affectionate regard, alluding in glowing terms to the generous support he had always received from the Catholics of Pittsburg and his diocese generally, and

then entered into a lengthy and interesting account of his travels, dwelling particularly on the scenes and incidents in Palestine and the East.

Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.—On Sunday the 11th of October, the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, who has been appointed by the Holy Father Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, preached in the cathedral of Pittsburg, having prefaced his discourse by a few appropriate remarks on the relation which he was henceforth to hold in the diocese. Towards the close of the holy sacrifice, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor addressed a few words to the congregation. "He first alluded," says the *Pittsburg Catholic*, "to the appointment of a coadjutor, of which the congregation was already aware. He stated why this measure was deemed necessary, and added, that before taking any important steps with regard to it, he had obtained the best advice in his power. He had taken advice especially from the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, and at each stage of the proceedings he had been guided by his counsel. The zeal, wisdom, and piety of this illustrious prelate made him receive with the most profound respect, and scrupulously follow every suggestion of his on this subject. His health, he said, though much improved, was far from being sufficiently well established to enable him to resume the full exercise of his functions. Eminent physicians, whom he had consulted on both sides of the Atlantic, united in promising him eventual recovery, but with equal unanimity they insisted on entire abandonment of business for a considerable time, as an essential condition of the same. For various reasons, he had thought it important to visit home for a short time, even though it should be necessary to leave again. The result of a slight attention to business, since his return, justified the opinion of physicians alluded to, so that a sense of duty to the diocese, as well as to himself, indicated the propriety of seeking elsewhere the enjoined repose.

Were he to consult his own feelings, he would not again go far from home, but having it in his power, without much exertion, to render important services to religion in this diocese, he resolved to return to Europe, accompanied by one or two priests. He recommended himself and them to the prayers of the people, and engaged their cordial support for the worthy prelate who had kindly consented to accept the office of Assistant Bishop.

We understand that it is the bishop's intention to leave home as soon as possible, to avoid being overtaken by the winter gales in re-crossing the ocean."

5. *DIOCESE OF NEWARK.*—An instance of persecution for conscience sake lately occurred at the Almshouse in Jersey City, which can scarcely meet with a parallel even in these days of bigotry and intolerance. A petition was presented to the Common Council of the city which revealed the fact that the Catholic inmates of the above almshouse had been compelled to attend Protestant service, and that violence has been resorted to by Mr. Whitley, the keeper, in order to force their compliance. The petition was supported by the affidavits of many of the inmates, and gives a plain and simple statement of facts which remain uncontradicted. Among others of the petitioners, a Mrs. Flanagan testified that she was present when Mr. Whitley brutally kicked her daughter when she refused to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Ainsworth also testified that her daughter was severely beaten by Whitley for the same offence. Mrs. Egan testified that her children were treated by the same official, several times, in the same manner. John Roan, a pauper 76 years old, confirmed the foregoing witnesses, and swore that he was made to go half naked last winter by Whitley, for refusing to attend Protestant worship. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Lanigan, two ladies who live in the vicinity of the almshouse, testified to the truth of Roan's affirmation, and Bernard Hughes confirmed their evidence as to Roan's sober habits and inoffensive character. This man, Hughes, further made affidavit that Whitley had threatened to throw him out of the poor house, if he did not join in the Protestant services, and that the fear of the threat being carried out, forced him to comply with the demand. The subject was referred to a committee of the members of the council, a majority of whom reported that they found no fault with the conduct of Mr. Whitley, the keeper, and refused to grant any special relief to the petitioners.

6. DIOCESE OF BOSTON.—From the *Pilot* we learn that the Catholic church in Watertown, Mass., was lately broken into and sacrilegiously despoiled of several heavy silver plated candlesticks which graced the altar, a number of brass candelabra, and ornamental brackets for candles, which were broken violently from the walls, which, after securing their booty, were further defaced by the robbers. It is not known for a certainty who were the perpetrators of this high-handed outrage.

Tribute to the memory of the late Father Conway by the Penobscot Indians.—The Indians of Penobscot recently celebrated a funeral service for their beloved pastor, the Rev. James Conway, who died some time ago in Salem, Mass. The following particulars of this interesting ceremony we take from the *Pilot*: "They had wished to pay immediately a tribute of love to his memory, but they were hindered by the small-pox then prevailing at Oldtown. Sunday afternoon they sang the Vespers of the Dead, and Monday the Mass of Requiem, all in Indian language. Rev. Father Vetromile celebrated the High Mass, at which all approached to communion, and Rev. Father Bapat delivered an eloquent and feeling funeral sermon. As a large number of the friends of Father Conway, from Oldtown and Bangor were present in the church, Father Bapat addressed them, first in English, and made some appropriate remarks on the Catholicity of the Church, there being present people from six different nations. He spoke of the virtues of Father Conway, and observed that he had been the first priest who had celebrated Mass in Bangor, and the first who had said Mass in the new church. He concluded in deploring that Father Conway's virtues had not been properly appreciated while living, nor even after his death. Then he addressed them in French, and spoke of the many reforms effected by him among the Canadians, and of the virtues planted in that place. Afterwards he spoke in the Indian language, and reminded them of the many labors and hardships he had endured among them; of the many mortifications and privations to which he was obliged to submit for their spiritual benefit, and of the pastoral care that he always took of them.

"The Indians on this occasion omitted nothing to show their heartfelt attachment to him, and although nothing of the grandeur of the world was displayed, yet every body perceived the sincere expression of a Christian, grateful heart. They hoisted a black flag on the liberty pole, they decorated the church in black, they scattered wild flowers on the coffin, at the foot of which they attached the following inscription:

"SAK CONWAY,
N'uli Patiasmenawa,
metchinah.

LANGMAN ZEZUS
Tchwiulittawe utchetchacgual
askameulausuhangan,
NIAETCH.

[Translation.]
JAMES CONWAY,
our good Patriarch,
is dead.

OUR LORD JESUS
Give to his Soul
Life Everlasting.
AMEN.

7. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—The *Catholic Telegraph* of October 3rd gives the following account of the recent episcopal visitation:—There were ninety-five persons confirmed in the church of Holy Cross, Columbus, on Sunday, Sept'r 13th, a few of whom were converts; and eighty were confirmed in St. Patrick's. In St. Mary's, Delaware, sixty. The church has been enlarged, a steeple erected on it, and school rooms fitted up in the basement. On Tuesday, the 15th, sixty were confirmed in Delaware. St. Luke's, Danville, Knox county, sixty-five; St. Michael's, nine miles distant, same county, twenty-two; St. Vincent of Paul, Mount Vernon, Knox county, fifty-five.

There were nine converts among the confirmed at St. Luke's, and three at St. Vincent's. A large and handsome school-house is being built by the congregation of Holy Cross, Columbus; the boys are taught by brothers from South Bend, and the girls by the Sisters of Notre Dame. A priest's house has been erected and a school-house and lot purchased by the Catholics of Mount Vernon. In St. Mary's, Marges, Carroll county, there were thirty confirmed, sixteen in Lodi and twenty-four in St. Peter's. A neat pastoral residence, of brick, has been erected in Marges. There were thirty-two confirmed in St. Joseph's, Canal Dover, Tuscarawas county, of whom five were converts.

On Sunday, Sept. 27, there were ninety confirmed in St. Peter's church, Steubenville, some of whom were converts. The church was crowded.

8. **DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.**—The new church of Meriden, Conn., in the diocese of Hartford, was dedicated, under the invocation of St. Rose of Lima, on Sunday, 4th inst. The dedication ceremonies were performed by the Very Rev. W. O'Reilly, assisted by Messrs. O'Reilly, of Norwalk, and Lynch, of Birmingham. There was a large attendance on the occasion, and the ceremonies were grand and edifying. The church is built in the gothic style of architecture, is a beautiful edifice, and reflects great credit on the zeal of the pastor, Rev. Thos. Quinn, and the liberality of the Catholics of Meriden.

9. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—*Ordination.*—Messrs. McKee and Cook, formerly students of Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, received subdeaconship on Thursday and Friday in ember week, in the episcopal chapel, from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, and on Saturday of the same week, the same gentlemen were raised to the holy order of priesthood.—The corner stone of a new Catholic church was laid at Lockhaven, Clinton county, on the 19th of August.

10. **DIOCESE OF ST. PAUL.**—The new Catholic church at St. Paul's city, commenced some time ago, is progressing rapidly towards completion. The stone work is said to be extremely neat, and the brick work massive and durable. Its length is 172 feet by 70; height from floor to ceiling 42 feet; a suitable tower will complete its outward appearance, which in conformity with the whole design, will give evidence of tasteful simplicity. The expense is computed at \$70,000.

SECULAR AFFAIRS.

We have only space in the present number to mention the deaths of two of our distinguished fellow citizens—**GEORGE W. PARK CUSTIS**, and the **HON. LOUIS McLANE**. Mr. McLane was the son of Allen McLane, a distinguished officer in the revolutionary war, and was a native of Delaware. He filled several places of honor and trust under the state and general governments; was Minister of the United States to Great Britain and Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson.—He died in this city on the 7th of October, in the 72d year of his age.

Of the venerable George Washington P. Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, we will be pleased to give an extended notice, in a future number.

OBITUARY.—Died, September the 29th, the Rev. **CHARLES O'REILLY**, Pastor of the new Church at Blackstone, Mass., in the 44th year of his age.

Died, on the 31st of August, the Rev. Mr. **BEURIER**, at St. Paul's, Minnesota. The deceased was a native of Canada, and only a few months a resident of St. Paul's.

Died, on the 12th of October, at the residence of St. Andrew's church, New York, the Rev. **JOHN CAMPBELL**, in the 33d year of his age. The deceased was a convert and was ordained about three years ago by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

Was murdered recently at his residence at Pointe-a-la-Hache, Louisiana, the Rev. **FATHER SAVILLE**, Pastor of the Church of St. Thomas at that place.

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